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THE HICKMAN COURIER.

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Fine Job Printing
—EXECUTED—
With Neatness and Dispatch.
SALE BILLS,
ENVELOPES,
LETTER-HEADS,
BILL-HEADS,
INVITATIONS,
ETC., ETC.
CALL AND SEE US.

THE GIRL OF TO-DAY.

Girl of the past—"of the long ago"—
They're gone with the sages past
Girl of to-day—girl that I know—
Which then are to be cast
The others may argue as to it and others may raise
Yer maidens fair, long in the grave,
Girl of to-day,
I can but say
Thou art the girl for me,
Dear girl of to-day, sweet girl of to-day,
I live and die for thee.

Girl of the past—"of the long ago"—
...
Thou art the girl for me;
Dear girl of to-day, sweet girl of to-day,
I live and die for thee.

—*Lafayette News.*

AN UNSUCCESSFUL SUIT.

John loved Mary; but Mary was not quite sure that she loved John. Their parents being the nearest neighbors, their farms joined, they had grown up together from childhood, had made each other many presents, and mutually agreed to return them if they ever got mad for good.

Thus Mary came in possession of an iron thimble, a tin needle-box and a brass ring for various needlework performed on Johnny's sleeves of the knees of his trousers which saved him many a taste of the parental rod.

To the credit of their childhood it must be said that Mary never had to return those gifts, there being few disagreements between them, and those were quickly reconciled.

In their youth they had tramped hand in hand to Sunday-school, as they now did to church. But no longer to Mary's edification; being too much concerned by her companion's appearance to give due attention to the sermon.

The annoyance was in John's inclination to dandyism. With the first appearance of down on his upper lip he had bought himself moustache wax, and a big hat seemed his sweetheart in being before he was twenty.

Mary, a practical, energetic girl, was rather disgusted than fascinated by superficial elegance. Her person was always dressed with that simplicity which is in the manner—plain, direct and decided.

To have a man beside her whose every mind was regarded in her lover dressed in the height of fashion with no income but the product of his farm labor spoils the Mary's Sunday temper to such an extent that she resolved to let John know her mind before another Sunday could be spoilt.

Now John, blissfully ignorant of her feelings, was just then stroking his moustache and persuading himself of the necessity of buying another suit for the Sunday...

After church John told Mary that he was going to town the next day to buy something for her, and a new suit for himself, in which he would appear some evening with a very important question.

He looked in vain for the rosy tint on Mary's face. She only said, with a sarcastic smile: "Well, if I see some scene in the next suit you get, John."

Then you don't think there is much chance in the suit when I'm in it, eh?" laughed John, with a faint suspicion that her indifference was owing to his not appearing sooner in some later style.

He resolved that the next one should surpass anything he ever wore. Gratify a girl's vanity, and she's yours, he thought, without the slightest suspicion that he was gratifying his own and thereby fast losing his hold on the handsomest and most sensible girl there was in the neighborhood of sixty miles.

John, too, was considered no small catch. Mary's girl's heart was ever fluttering when she heard his strong baritone voice lowered to a confidential whisper. For John was not only a dandy but a flirt. All his heart ever dwelt on with constancy was Mary and fashionable suits.

Every year he went to town for a new rig, from top to toe, of the latest cut. He felt himself a foot taller when the salesman once told him that his face and figure would do credit to the Broadway style.

Of course John wouldn't show his ignorance of city life by ascertaining the particulars of that style. He felt satisfied that purchases made from the same salesman every year would secure him the much-lauded style.

The new suit bought, John was giving it its first airing by a visit to Mary. He had made up his mind to propose formally and be formally accepted. The engagement ring was in his pocket, and the wedding-suit would be the next thing on the list. He didn't believe in long engagements, and thought he might allow himself to appear once in his most impressive elegance on an occasion so important as his proposal.

So rigged in the latest—long pointed pumps, pantaloons tight enough to make sitting and bending his knees a feat dangerous to the seams, jacket just long enough to cover the ends of his suspenders, and hat as wide and big as everything else was narrow and little—he walked through the lane that led to his father's house with the air of one who knows himself in the possession of all the charms to conquer.

When John entered the front door Mary was leaning out of the back window reaching for a cluster of roses, one of which, he was surprised that she was intended to adorn his new jacket.

He thought the opportunity too good to be lost and in informal kiss would express half of his formal speech, which somehow he couldn't remember.

The kiss was fairly implanted on Mary's lips, and so was a stinging blow, just at the print of shapely fingers, on John's cheek.

"How dare you! a—a tramp! a—a man in small clothes! a—good gracious! It's John Redpath!"

The confused and indignant exclamation which burst from Mary's lips ended in a peal of laughter. If Mary's conduct was not sufficiently dampening, Mary's grimaces, as she eyed the slender figure before her, were.

For the first time in his life John did not know what to do with his hands and feet.

When Mary's enjoyment of the ridiculous had exhausted itself in peals of laughter, she excused herself, with a shy look of concern at the red side of his face, for her rude reception of him. She had taken him, she said, at a distance, for some young man in costume dressing in his younger brother's clothes.

"Miss Hepworth," said John, with the sharpness of rising anger, "you really think that I, John Redpath, would come here in the character of my brother?"

"Not exactly in his character, you know. But, really," (viewing him again with an ill-concealed smile) "really, everything but the tail. The hat, and that's too big."

"Look here, Mary, no more nonsense. I haven't this suit on for nothing. I mean business; will you listen?"

Mary looked expectant and ready to hurl another shaft of ridicule.

"You must know, Mary, that I've come to prefer my suit to your father, said John, confident that now things would be settled in a moment.

"Well, you needn't have come for that, John," replied Mary, growing very red, "for I shouldn't give a hair of my father's head for a dozen suits of yours."

"I mean you will let me urge my suit with your father, won't you, Mary dear?" persisted John, himself puzzled and ready to talk plain country talk if this last effort at formality failed.

Mary placed distance between them as fast as the room would allow. With her eyes flashing anything but love, she shouted across the room:

"John Redpath, you are intolerable and insulting! I managed ago you had the kindness to tell me that you preferred your suit to my father, as if there was a probability of his being yours! Now, you suddenly seem to have such contempt for your suit that you want me to rid you of it! It's an outrage, sir!"

"Hush, Mary! Dear Mary! Confound it, Mary! It's all a mistake," pleaded John, rushing up to her and placing his hands over her mouth. "I don't mean—I mean—you know I want you, Mary—I mean the—my suit for you, my marriage, wedding—that kind of thing!"

"You have courage to present yourself as my future husband in this skin-tight suit? No, John, I won't marry you. As long as you don't show the sense and stability of a man in your outward appearance I expect less from the man within," replied Mary, keeping the table between them.

John bit his lips. It was time to get away to such unmanly importance of men's style. "That's all you know about style, Mary. What will you set the fellows ape me when—"

"It' one of the species is quite enough for me to lose my respect for John. So don't pride yourself on your noble array of followers."

That arrow struck home. For a moment John winced perceptibly under her witticism. Then anger got the better of his love.

His look was annihilating as he said: "I guess you've got some other fellow in your eye, Mary!"

"Yes, John, I have," replied Mary, thinking of the man she would like to be, and watching the effect of her words with a little pleasure.

John winced. But he hoped the gold ring in his pocket might yet cover a feeling which ...

Mary, and let that other go," he begged, humbly.

"No, John. I'd rather have the other fellow."

"I'm sure you're so very quietly and with such a determined 'the other fellow,' that John knew there was a chance for him. He would have tried anything rather than fighting his fortunate rival. Swallowing his daggers which made his voice sound harsh and fierce he said:

"If you're going to make some one else, I should just like to have the presents I gave you when I was a boy. It's means good for that time."

Mary started. She was not quite prepared to take such a sacrifice. But, of course, Mary was too proud now to recall anything, and she proudly had made up her mind not to have John, if he stuck to his vanities.

After a few minutes' absence, in which time John felt himself the most miserable of men, Mary re-appeared, with her hand full of trinkets.

His hope that she would not play to him with unfaltering and then make up, as they did years ago, received its death blow in the soft but determined voice in which she said: "Here, John, is your iron thimble, now the needle-box and your brass ring."

"All right, Mary Hepworth. Maybe you'll be sorry for this. I'm going straight to your cousin Sarah, where I know my suit will be more welcome."

With this he dashed out of the gate and up the road toward Sarah's house, leaving Mary leaning against the window in anything but a cheerful mood.

She had intended to break him of his vanity, and then marry him; for there was something that was good and generous in John, and it never occurred to her that they could do without each other. But now, her mind was brave thing gone, and the ring, and he came blue, ring and box.

Mary didn't cry. The hope that Sarah had gone as usual to prayer-meeting, and that in the meantime John's wounded pride would allow her to ask his return, made it seem a chance that his sentiment would have no cause, cooled, and she was not too greatly...

But when the next day came and the evening was far advanced, and the possibility that Sarah hadn't gone to prayer-meeting, made her turn very pale. When with at the time she was weeping she met her. She did not go out of sight, if John and John had not gone to Sarah's house to find her.

The next day John went about his work...

Then came the real thing... Mary must have had a similar impulse, for when she drew near the spring path she pulled her handkerchief from her pocket in preparation for a good cry. She saw John with his head buried on his knees—ah, but dressed in the ordinary working-clothes in which she always liked to see him.

Her first impulse to return was restrained by the fear that he might be Sarah's intended. She swallowed a big lump in her throat and tried to look very indifferent, as she said:

"Good evening, Mr. Redpath. Perhaps I may congratulate you?"

"No you mayn't either, I've got nothing to be congratulated for, except to show that a man can't dress up to my thirty-dollar suit. But it don't seem to be a success even there. The crows are in the cornfield at your dad's."

This time the tears came very quickly to Mary's eyes. She knelt down on the grass beside him, and placing her hand on the corn as ever.

"You wanted to be sure you did not wish to think," he said. "Look here, Mary's thimble. I'll give you my thimble again."

The iron thimble was fished from the depths of John's pockets and handed to Mary in silence.

The momentary stillness was again broken by the same pleading voice: "John, please give me my needle-case."

The needle-case changed owners in the same mechanical fashion.

"You look very nice now, John. You look like a man, you know, that one could love and look up to," said Mary, at the same time pushing back the slouch hat and peering closely in his eyes.

"Mary, will you take the gold ring now?"

Mary held out her finger and John slipped the gold ring on just as he had slipped on the brass ring ten years ago. "Mary, may I kiss you now?"

She only nodded her head, and John was timid, after a certain adventure the day before.

"You won't treat me like you did the other day, Mary, if I kiss you?"

Mary laughed, a little confused, as she answered: "I daren't now, you see, we're engaged."

It was a long while before the made up to each other the lost time...

When they walked home past the cornfield in which the crows were still busy getting their late supper, in spite of a fashionable scare in the center of the field, John, remembering that "other fellow, who had caused him a sleepless night, wanted to know who his formal rival was.

"This is John Redpath, the farmer, and I want you to be good to him," said Mary, archly. "The fellow I didn't like is Mr. Redpath, the dandy, and he isn't even successful as a scarecrow you see. So I'm not any wonder I wouldn't have him."

Both laughed, and were happy.

In Search of Information and Favor.

A minister while riding along a lonely road in Arkansas that glided under tall tools and wound around rugged hills, appealed a question to the minister. He hailed a man who stood at the gate of a rude house. The minister, without replying, the latter turned toward the house, bowed to a woman who appeared in the doorway, and said:

"Good mornin', madam, how's your health an' the health of your family?"

The woman did not reply. "Fine day, madam," continued the man, "only the sun's a little too hot." Still the woman did not reply.

"My friend," said the minister, "I go to preach at Harvey's Point and I should like to know how to get there."

"Ah, sir, I do not."

"Then how do you expect me to know more about your business than you do? Say, there, madam," turning to the woman, "I'd like to come in and make myself at home. How's the prospects?"

The woman made no reply, but, kicking a cat out of the way and "shooing" a chicken that came up on the steps, she leaned against the door-facing and assumed an air of listless indifference that characterizes the sweep of a wave over a barren waste.

The church is situated near here, is it not?" asked the minister.

"Yes, but it is nearer to some places than it is to here."

"Say, madam, I can't very glad to see you, an' I hope that our relations may be pleasant."

The woman made no reply.

"Which way must I go, as the roads have been changed?"

"Go down the creek. Compliments of the day, madam."

"Will following the creek down the creek take me there?"

"I've done told you. If you know how to get to the creek," and he smiled and bowed to the woman.

"You seem to take great pleasure in being polite to the lady at the door. Who is she?"

"The boss."

"The boss of what?"

"The situation. She's my wife."

"Why do you stand out here fawning to her?"

"Mister, what was you raised, anyhow? You don't know this country like I do. This mornin' I went outen this place with a skillet follerin' me, an' I've got to do my courtin' over again or I ain't safe to hang around the house. I've got to win that woman afore the sun goes down or I'll sleep in the woods. I ain't got no time to talk with you. How do you do, madam? Fine lot of chickens you've got. No, sir, my friend, I've got a big job before me an' I ain't got through. She's got a flatiron that's the thing I'm to get drive at in any minute. Go on away now, and let me make the fight. I'm mighty perticular 'bout my natur'. Fine day, madam."—*Arkansaw Traveler.*

She Raised Them All.

A post city official was entertaining a number of the members of the city government at his residence. The day was Saturday. Supper had been partaken of at its conclusion "a little game of draw" was proposed, and before many minutes the entire party were deeply engaged in the mysteries and fluctuating fortunes of "poker" as laid down in General Schenck's rules for the government of that alluring but fickle game. The time flew rapidly and merrily, the blind goddess favoring each one at intervals. At length it was noticed that the hands of the clock passed the hour of midnight and the players were far advanced into the first hours of the Sabbath. But what cared they for that! There were large amounts of money on the table, and the "pot" was one of formidable proportions. "I'll raise you five dollars," exclaimed one of the players. "I'll see that and raise you ten," shouted another. "I'll raise the whole of you out of this," was the cry of a new voice, as a female swept down the stairs in her night clothes and with a horse-whip in her hand. There was an immediate break in the game, and in a remarkably short space of time the players were seen found exit by the window, abandoning the "pot" and whatever money there was on the table; and the subsequent dislodgement of the lady of the house was very ... —*Boston Traveller.*

—Pau, France, is fast becoming colonized by the Irish gentry, who are compelled to combine hunting with economic arrangements. If the sport is not as good as in some parts of the Emerald Isle, it is less precarious, and sportsmen's pleasures are enjoyed without personal danger.

—The biggest of the big trees of California must doff its plumes to a monarch of the Australian woods, if the report is true that a symmetrical specimen of the *Eucalyptus amygdalina* 480 feet high was lately discovered in Victoria.

THE PARTY SHIBBOLETH.

A plethoric party, rich and fat
With many years of steady stealing,
Has learned additional a lessons past,
Division, silence, and all that,
Is as once so carefully concealing.

Intrenched in office everywhere,
And strong in many a bad alliance,
For years it laughed at public care,
And felt that it could boldly dare
To bid the voting men defiance.

It made the Treasury Repay,
It swamped the party with freebooters,
It made the people's rights for pay,
Its Whisky Ringsters and Star Routers.

Its leaders hoarded goods and gold,
Allied with public rogues and robbers;
Monopolies were among the fold,
And those the very leaders bold
Of party bosses and Rings and jobbers.

It has its usual places
The masses of its brave surprises
...

It still enriches party friends,
And still it guides its private ends,
And still the weary Nation bends
Beneath its load of needless taxes.

The issue now, beyond a doubt,
Is that the nuisance be abated;
That's the regime be put to rout,
And all the handed thieves turned out,
And public places fumigated.

—*N. Y. Sun.*

The Future of the Republican Party.

With the Lincoln Administration the Republican party first acquired prominence and power, and by a combination of circumstances it was called upon to do its best work at the beginning of its career. To it were attached many able men and accomplished statesmen, who sooner or later lost their influence with the party and became detached from its support.

It is a very significant fact that, with the single exception of one whose absence was required and who left in rather bad odor, every member of Lincoln's original Cabinet became antagonistic to and left the party. Greeley, Sumner, Fessenden, Trumbull, Adams, and that class of men were denounced, and a totally different class of men came to the front and assumed control.

From that time forward, while adventurous politicians have been rushing to its standard, the better element of the party—the men who gave it character and standing—have been leaving it.

Give the Republican party credit for all the good it may have accomplished and still there follows a long accountability, such, for instance as—

The Boss Shepherd Ring frauds in the District of Columbia.
The safe burglary iniquity.
The whisky frauds, reaching to the White House.
The Freedman's Bank swindle.
The Belknap impeachment.
The Robeson naval frauds.
The Sanborn frauds.
The Indian Bureau frauds.
The Howard Bureau frauds.
The Black Friday rascality.
The theft of the Presidency in 1876.
The Indiana bribery in 1880.

And the Star-route frauds, not to mention a long list of other offenses, any one of which ought to and would overthrow any other political party that ever existed in this country.

Those who acted with it from the start, and held out with it as long as self respect would allow them to do so, admit and assert that it has been false to all its first principles, and become a party of pretense and hypocrisy.

Intrenched in power as it has been so long, with all the offices and emoluments at its disposal, with unlimited resources and an army of willing servants at its command, with innumerable dependents tenacious of their places and ready to do its bidding, the strength of the party in the ascendancy, it is no easy matter for the sovereign people ever to overthrow this huge monopoly of power.

Recent events indicate pretty clearly that the people have taken these things to heart and intend to act accordingly.

The Republican leaders will, of course, blind the eyes of the people as much as possible by ignoring their complaints, and endeavoring to divert their minds from the sins of the party to questions of policy upon which they suppose people may differ. The people, however, are in earnest, and what they want is honesty in elections, economy in public expenditures, and a thorough reform in all the affairs of Government and this they will secure, in any way as there is a change of the men who administer the Government.

The influence of names is no longer felt; the catch-words of party no longer rally, nor do they alarm the voter as they once did. The honest Republican who has grown tired of the frauds and corruptions of the party is ready to join hands with the honest Democrat who votes for it. The independent voter takes the responsibility and casts his ballot where he thinks it will do the most good. We have seen this in the last elections in the different States; and when the great contest of the whole country will again rejoice in an honest administration of Government under new men and a new order of things.—*Portland (Me.) Register.*

Let the Stable Be Cleaned Out.

The press and not a few public men of the country have been heard from respecting the Star-route trials and the acquittal of the depredators on the public Treasury. Though acquittal was something of a surprise, conviction was hardly expected. The immunity of offending men, therefore, in the offenses and to the consideration of a service in stolen is good for at least, thing to be taken as absolutely certain that all opportunities permitted by the Government to peculate on and defraud the Treasury will be promptly noted and fully improved by the watchful class of men who think, as it all, not only in politics as in business. The only method, therefore, of protecting the public Treasury is to put the Executive department in the hands of men capable of transacting business and honest in the discharge of their duties. Thieves do not like to serve without honest service. Wish are the ramifications of fraudulent receipts in the Republican party, and the relations of the leaders, managers and machine men with the jobbers and gougers that a pure public service under that party is practically out of the question. It is hopeless. Whatever may be the professions of the thick-and-thin partisans and the attempts of the leaders to bolster up the party, the conclusion is plain that the way to better things is through a change—a total, absolute change—in the Executive as well as the Legislative department of the Government. Put the class who have so long ruled this party of and under any obligation, even the least, to the class who have so long held partisan control, and without actual or supposed party services which the organized managers claim. There must be a new deal all round or there will be no reform. And the result will be worthy the name. Any other result is to the conclusion at which the candid and clear-headed observers have reached.—*Exchange.*

An Interesting Witness.

Dorsey, the great unconvicted, has written a letter in reply to one received from General Martin, his successor in the office of Secretary of the Republican National Committee, stating that he has no record of the Committee to turn over, and explaining that no record of the transactions of the Committee, either under his own or any former Secretaryship, was kept. He says with excusable bitterness that the only records of the financial doings of the Committee of 1880 are "paid checks of his own contributions (amounting to something over $20,000), and unfortunately a bank book showing charges of ..."

Mr. Dorsey is quite severe on the ... appointed at the request of General Garfield, and that he accepted the place "at the earnest solicitation of General Arthur, representing the Grant side of the House, and of Hon. W. E. Chandler, representing the Blaine side. Speaking of the paid checks, which he retains as evidences of his contributions to the Committee, he says: "I regret more than I can tell that I made it possible that such records should be in my hands, but they are here, and I think best to keep them as a reminder of the splendid gratitude of dishonest power. I do not owe the Republican National Committee a cent of money or a grain of thankfulness. In the midst of the storm brought about by the efforts of the party and hurled at the directions of its chiefs, when a brutal assault was made upon me at the instance of that party in its behalf, a brutal assault was made upon me at the instance of the Committee ... when I was not present to defend myself. Not one among the forty members present had the courage or manhood to reveal the unpardonable cowardice of the ambitious hypocrite."

It will be observed that Mr. Dorsey attributes the Republican "tr umph" to his efforts to carry "the last Presidential election under the directions of the Committee." This is a direct charge that the members of the Committee were cognizant of his relations to the Star route contractors, and that these contractors were laid under tribute for the benefit of the Committee's exchequer. The language of Dorsey is not susceptible of any other meaning. The "storm," however, was not much of a gale after all, and Dorsey should not be so acrimonious about it. It was merely a steady blowing wind generated by the lungs of the Government lawyers at $150 a day. Perhaps when the next Congress meets the whole Star-route business, including its relations to the Presidential canvass of 1880, will become a subject of inquiry in that body. Senators and Representatives in Congress serving on the National Republican Committee when Mr. Dorsey acted as Secretary. The latter would make an interesting witness on the subject of the "storm" of which he writes with so much feeling and eloquence.—*Harrisburg (Pa.) Patriot.*

Whistling to Keep Their Courage Up.

A leading organ of Republican opinion heretofore devotes itself with elaborate detail to an exposition of the prospects of the Republican victory in any calculation of a Republican victory at the next Presidential election. It has compiled an ingenious tabular exhibit of the extreme possibilities of Republican success, if victories in New York and Ohio are assured, showing that the Republican party could get along without New Jersey, Connecticut, Indiana, Colorado, California, Nevada and Oregon should go Democratic. It is a fair presentation of the desperate situation in which the Republican party finds itself and the expedients it is obliged to contrive to stimulate Republican confidence. New York and Ohio together cast fifty-six votes in the Electoral College, and the loss of both to the Republicans next year is, if not impossible, at least highly improbable, but the fact cannot be done if the seven States already mentioned be accorded to the Democrats in the exhibit in question should go Republican, for they aggregate only forty-nine electoral votes. Add Virginia to the Republican list and the loss of New York and Ohio would just be counterbalanced. It need not be said, however, that the Republican party will have even a remote chance of carrying the eight States named, if it can not carry New York and Ohio. It must make a fight for life in those States and if it fails in either it can not hope to make up the loss. Indeed there is no escape from the evident fact that the Democracy will go into the next campaign with the odds heavily in their favor. Out of the fifteen States which are accredited to the Republicans in the exhibit of our contemporary, there are only four—Iowa, Rhode Island, Minnesota and Vermont—in which the Democrats have not been able to poll a majority vote at some general election within the last six or eight years. Out of the four hundred and one electoral votes which the country will cast at the next election, but twenty-eight belong to States which have never proved impregnable strongholds of the Republican party. On the other hand the record shows fourteen States, casting one hundred and twenty-two electoral votes, no one of which has ever given a Republican majority, except under the reconstruction regime. Is it strange, therefore, that Republicans are whistling to keep up their courage, and that they seek to make the best ... stand?—*St. Louis Republican.*

The Political Effect of It.

The Republican leaders are beginning to ask one another, with blanched faces, if the "acquittal of the Star-route ringsters" will not injure the party.

It is none of our business to intrude upon the afflicted party in this hour of trouble, but we can't help answering the question. We think it will. Dorsey was a Republican. He was a Republican carpet-bag Senator from Arkansas. Kellogg, indicted and awaiting trial for complicity in the Star-route frauds, was the same. Brady, too, is a Republican. In fact, all the members of the Star-route ring, and of their predecessors, the Whisky ring, were distinguished members of that grand old party.

Another fact: An hour after Dorsey was acquitted he was waited on and serenaded by a Republican Club at Washington City.

Still another fact: Dorsey was Secretary of the Republican National Committee in 1880. He stood in high favor. He says he was appointed Secretary "at the request of General Garfield, representing the Grant side of the party." He received the invitation of the earnest solicitation of General Arthur, representing the Grant side of the party and W. E. Chandler representing the Blaine side. It only remains to be added that the Government never intended to convict one prominent member of the Star-route ring, and that Republican papers now hold the Administration took no interest in the prosecution.—*N. Y. Star.*

THE DAIRY.

—Wisconsin cheese factories report an active season. There is a general increase in amount of milk delivered. —Weedy pastures make poor and bitter butter. When a pasture is in a very foul condition it should be plowed and planted with some seed crop.

—A quart of good milk should weigh about 2.15 pounds, or nearly two pounds and two ounces. If milk weighs less than quoted, it is a good plan to figure over the monthly yield in quarts more exactly than is done.

—Lowery exchanges tell how the natives in the Northwest are using the berries of a shrub known to botanists as *Wikstromia*, to curdle milk. In the ... These berries, it appears, ... and Afghans to curdle milk. Recently these berries have been officially experimented with under the auspices of the present Governor of Bombay. The Government reports a complete success, the cheese coming out excellent in every respect.

—When you select your calves to raise, first decide which ones you intend to keep for the dairy, as they should not be fed so high as those intended for beef. A calf forced from the start will never lose the tendency to convert all its feed to fat, which is a highly objectionable characteristic of a milch cow. A calf that is intended for the dairy when grown, may without injury be fed with sparse enough material to cause it to become somewhat pot-bellied.—*Exchange.*

—The amount of injury that may result to the quality of milk by allowing the cow to fret is seldom appreciated by her owner. Col. Weld, a high authority on this point, says he knows a cow whose milk quietly feeding, at pasture to fret, from butter a large head from her herd, to the degree that she would lose a pound of butter a day from the ordinary yield of her milk in her normal condition. The removal of her calf or any other treatment that would tend to aggravate her feelings would, of course, increase the loss by deteriorating the quality of her milk.

To Cleanse Dairying Utensils.

Mr. A. W. Cheever, editor of the *New England Farmer*, and a practical dairyman, recommends that wooden milking pails be discarded entirely, unless the wood is completely filled with whitewash or some substance that will make the surface about as hard and impervious as glass. Common paint is objectionable at any time, besides, it soon wears off, leaving the wood exposed to the drying influence of the air. Tin is probably the best material for milking pails, and, while new and bright, answers well for setting the milk and holding the cream. After the tin becomes worn off, so the iron is exposed, sour cream is liable to be affected unfavorably by remaining in contact with it. With careful usage good tin will last in good condition in the dairy for a long time. But for churns, butter-workers, trays, ladles, and the like there is nothing equal to good, clean, hard wood, thoroughly soaked before using; and this thorough wetting is of more importance than many may suppose.

Cold water is just as good as hot, if time enough is given it to penetrate the wood, but hot water takes hold of the grease better and therefore is to be preferred. His own methods he gives as follows:

"Our rule would be to wet every wooden utensil used in the dairy, first in hot water, to save time in swelling the wood, and then in cold, to bring it down to a suitable temperature to use. Care should also be taken to keep the wood wet at the time it is used. A butter-worker not ... butter not stick to the wood, with the butter in it, will dry at the edges, and unless again wet before using, will be likely to absorb the butter when brought in contact with it. Whenever butter 'sticks' to wood, the wood is not in condition to use, and the chances are that it has not been quite thoroughly cleaned anyway. Look at any piece of dry wood through a magnifying glass, and it will be found full of deep cracks and holes. Now, let grease once get well into these crevices, and there it is to stay. Washing cleans the wood to the surface, but there is no danger but small quantity that shut in the grease which is deeper in. Our practice for many years has been to wash the churn and other wooden dairy implements, wipe dry, and then place where they will come in the air, and sun a part of the time to get thoroughly dry. A clean churn does not need washing with any thing but clean water. On no account whatever should any wooden butter utensil be set in the sun to dry. The wood will become warped, the joints start, and a leaky, 'shrunk up old churn' will take the place of what might, with proper care, have lasted and remained sweet a score of years. Those persons who complain because their butter stamps and cups check or split after a little use, do so because they either neglect to soak them thoroughly before use or they are put away to dry in too hot a place. Butter stamps should be washed and soaked after use, and then dried in a cool place. Any wood used for handling salted butter should be filled with brine, and be kept filled by frequent using or by often wetting, saying of drying it through and through.

Butter-Making a Fine Art.

I look upon butter-making as one of the fine arts. No man or woman can make good butter without the sensitiveness of a good taste to perfect that constitutes the excellences of butter. A's butter comes to me, and I sell it for twenty or twenty-two cents a pound; B's is a little higher; C's higher still; while D's brings right cents regularly. I have been in dairies where the flavor of the butter is perfect, and the temperature of working of the butter was excellent; but it goes down into the cellar and stands several weeks before it is sent to market. There is a hole in the cellar wall where the air constantly changes, and the butter changes, too, or gets tainted. If farmers will make butter in the fall, and then put it where it will keep, it will do much better in the end. Perhaps the milk of a man's farm is low, spongy and wet, then the feed will be sour, and you cannot get nice butter out of that, either dairy or creamery. The flavor of the butter depends largely on the flavor of the feed. It is not necessary to go higher than 62 degrees to make fine butter in the winter time. The flavor of butter is injured by the utmost cleanliness must be observed. If you keep the milk in a room where the atmosphere is bad, your milk will be tainted. It depends on circumstances, and will absorb odors. You set your milk down in an improperly ventilated stable, or an improperly ventilated room, temperature of the surrounding air, it depends on the temperature of the surrounding air, it absorbs ... —*Andre J. Bellamy, President of the Boston Butter, Cheese and Egg Association.*

On Call.

He was a Buffalo man. The school teacher had been talking about finance to her scholars, and young John came home to ask:

"Father, is there such a thing as a call loan?"

"Yes, of course."

"Well, what is it?"

"Why, old Swipes, the doctor, comes bustling in some morning and wants to meet—needs just fifty more—hand it!" That's the loan part of it."

"Yes."

"I wait two weeks, need the money, and call to get it. He laughs at it. I call again. I call forty or fifty times, always miss him. I call to him on the street and he dodges. I call him an infernal dead-beat, and then he calls me a liar, and I call the loan, and there's a call at the police station. That's a call loan."—*Wall Street News.*

The Mystery of Matches.

Matches are undoubtedly useful. They are an evidence and accompaniment of civilization. The savage knows nothing of matches. He likes to depend upon the tedious process of rubbing a stick against a dry piece of wood for fire, and very inconvenient he and that when he hungry or when he ... the gas, and very inconvenient ... to strike a fire ... and wants to light a candle and go down stairs to search for the burglar, he invents the first match. Man is going a better and happier for the invention of matches.

Think for a moment of the danger that always lurks in matches. Children set themselves and others on fire with matches, ... hands. Such dangers were not known in the days of the flint and steel and tinder-box. No child could start an incendiary fire with flint and steel, for in order to use those implements successfully the intellect of a grown man, together with long experience and great command of temper, was necessary. As for the rats, they seemed flint and steel as articles deliberately designed for the purpose of injuring the teeth. In those happy days it was possible for a school-teacher to enforce discipline among small boys without the risk of setting them on fire by unintentionally striking the matches which are nowadays are found in every small boy's pocket. As to the influence of matches in promoting the habit of smoking there can be only one opinion. Not one half of the amount of tobacco which is now daily consumed would be consumed were it not for the fact that the smoker always has matches in his pocket. There would be comparatively little smoking were it necessary for the smoker to sit down in some quiet place and devote his whole attention to striking a light, and then at the last he might wish to light a cigar.

It is one of the objections to the features of matches that they are enveloped in mystery. Few people have considered this subject seriously, or have had their really given their minds to it, the inadmissible nature of the mystery of matches would have bred in them a wholesome hatred of the baffling little sulfurers of sulphur-capped wood. Yet there is another one mystery in connection with matches, and there is no prospect that the mysterious element in matches will ever be eliminated.

There are in the United States say twenty millions of people every one of whom uses, on an average, twenty matches every day. This will seem by no means a large estimate when we remember that the woman who lights fires, lamps, candles or gas always uses at least three matches before she can get one to burn, and that the habitual smoker rarely uses less than forty matches per day. A match usually does its work and is extinguished in the time half of it is consumed, and of course the unconsumed half is thrown away. Were this not the case, the consumed matches would, if evenly spread out over the surface the earth, cover the United States to the depth of one inch. Obviously they do nothing of the sort, and the question therefore arises, what becomes of them? The mystery of the disappearance of pins is as nothing to this. Pins are more or less sharp and can easily work their way beneath the surface of the earth, or in any other ways successfully concealed themselves, but matches are large, blunt and clumsy; they can not readily escape notice, and they are so light that they do not easily sink out of sight in the grass or elsewhere. There is no rational hypothesis which will explain the utter disappearance of millions of half-burned matches annually, and we can only assume that there is something in the nature of the match which enables it to vanish at will.

This hypothesis is sustained by the mysterious and utterly inexplicable way in which matches disappear from the match-safes in which they are placed. No matter how carefully a housekeeper may go from room to room apportioning to each the regular quota of matches, there will be found no matches. They invariably disappear. Thus a man may pull up in the middle of the night, and after hunting around, find no match anywhere. A match-safe is certain to be found anywhere except in any other irresponsible animal can reach them, the matches will not remain where they are placed. A few days later the man of the house, busy in his room upstairs, wants a match with which to light his evening cigar. He finds an empty match-safe in his room, and finds in it ... He goes from one empty match-safe to another, and still his search is in vain. Finally, in despair, he penetrates to the kitchen that he is able to find a match-safe containing at the most, three matches. He hurries his wife during or soon after his search for matches, he naturally informs her that there is not a match in the house, and begs her to see that this state of things may not be repeated. She promises to see some more matches, and next day there are every match-safe to overflowing, but three days later they are as empty as ever.

Now it has been established hundreds of times by unimpeachable testimony that no human hand is responsible for the disappearance of matches from match-safes. The man of the house is perfectly aware that he himself has scarcely touched them. He has used at the utmost say three matches out of the total number. He ... through the house, the children maintain that they have never touched a match, and the servants, who are perfectly well convinced that she has used even fewer matches than her husband has done. ... apparently supernatural ways of disappearing in Irredentist. Clearly there is a mystery connected with the mystery of matches, and we do not know that it be their existence, and feeling and conduct toward them.—*Harper's Bazar.*

SCHOOL AND CHURCH.

—There are more Roman Catholics in New York City than in any other city in the world.—*N. Y. Sun.*

—One hundred and ninety young men have applied for admission to the Class of '87 at Yale College.

—The corner stone of the new Hebrew Asylum, in New York, was laid recently. The building will front on Tenth Avenue, and will cost $500,000.

—The First Congregational Church at Oakland, Cal., has voted to pay the Superintendent of its Sabbath School a good salary, so that he can devote his whole time to the work.

—In the Episcopal Convention of the Diocese of Illinois, a resolution was introduced asking the General Convention ... Catholic." So much opposition was manifested to the proposition that the resolution was withdrawn.—*N. Y. Examiner.*

—Mr. Moody has recently received a gift of $50,000 for his Northfield (Mass.) Seminary from a Boston gentleman, on condition that other friends of the institution subscribe $50,000 more. Several scholarships of $3,000 each have recently been founded, and before long it is expected here will be an endowment fund of $100,000 on hand.—*Boston Post.*

—Isn't it about time for the present stop to this customary summer course of lectures to the young men just out of college on their ignorance of coming disappointments? "It is a good deal better to give young men words of encouragement than to be "chucking" them in the blues, everlasting chiding. The young men will find out their deficiencies soon enough.—*Boston Herald.*

—James Parton says that when George Butler sent his son to Harvard he gave him a check-book and said to him: "Draw what you need," and that whenever his son's expenses went beyond thirty thousand dollars, of course the young man had to spend only $1,600 a year, which is considerably below the average sum spent by the sons of wealthy parents at Cambridge.—*N. Y. Graphic.*

—Churches ought not to close in summer unless it is impossible to secure supplies. One service a day and the Sunday School service are necessary to the welfare of the church. Especially the welfare of the church a little thing for village churches to close their doors for a month at the busy time of year. The summer is the ... weather is ... wet or dry, is the prosperous plan.—*N. Y. Examiner.*

—During his administration the late Bishop Pinckney, of Maryland, added more than thirty new churches and chapels to that Episcopal diocese, and trebled the missionary offerings. The past year was a very busy one, 1,500 persons being confirmed in it by him. The day before his death he told Dr. Leeds that ... is at liberty ... and ... Sulphur Springs. It is ... He had not been able to get ... the poorer clergy of his diocese, to whom he had pledged half the salary he received.

PUNGENT PARAGRAPHS.

—A cruel husband calls his wife "green fruit," because she never agrees with him.

—Advice for the season: Keep a dog chained up and he will not run mad.—*N. O. Picayune.*

—You can't make the fellow with a lot of sisters believe, that a girl is merely a relative matter. At all events he goes to some other fellow's relatives to find it.

—Some one says: "No thoroughly occupied man was ever miserable." ... has a dozen hornets which have got up his trousers?—*Boston Post.*

—As he passed a tree the road sheriff Mickell, of Lincoln County, Miss., said "shoo" but she evidently thought he was high sheriff, for she made him at least twenty feet up in the air.

—*Puck* says that the only safe way to catch a man is to take him on the other side of the fence and use a garden hose. But as we are not in the business of washing mules we don't guarantee the correctness of the information.—*N. Y. Mail.*

—Jones: "We do not think it amusing, going to the police will do any good. The best way is to be careful of yourself in the place of a clothing store, or, if obliged to, while ... keep moving a little. Then perhaps ... turn you around to look for your ..."—*Chicago Times.*

—A Los Angeles rancher has raised a pumpkin so large that ... you have ever seen, ... in the rural districts, and was ... for ... full-grown ... on a single beat.—*San Francisco Post.*

—A ... "Wear it ... the back of the ... want any one to know of the engagement ... we would advise you to wear it on ... stocking in the bottom of the bureau drawer.—*Chicago Herald.*

—The literature of advertisements is of the funniest sort. In the Far West a man advertises for a woman to wash, iron and milk one or two cows. I'm wash a cow in ... would be ... the milk instead of the ... from a cow ... the enterprising West.—*N. Y. Herald.*

—Ancient history of base-ball: We read a great deal at present about first-base man, second-base man and third-base man. It occurs to us that Cain was probably the original first-base man. Judas Iscariot ... second and Nero third, while the wandering Jew may be regarded as the original short-stop, for he was never known to stop anywhere. ... Noah was the first pitcher, for it is ... *Boston Transcript.*

—The good folk who have gone into the country for quiet and rest want to get rid of the annoyances of ... and flies with a ... of sympathy. Once in ... a grade pig. He ... same way. When you ... always ... de dogs ... you ... left already. ... when he sings you some ... songs. You ... sleep more ... already.—*N. Y. Graphic.*

THE HICKMAN COURIER.

— PUBLISHED EVERY FRIDAY BY —

GEORGE WARREN,

HICKMAN, : : : : : KENTUCKY.

FRIDAY, : : : AUG. 3, 1883

DEMOCRATIC TICKET.

FOR GOVERNOR,
J. PROCTOR KNOTT,
Of Marion County.

FOR LIEUTENANT GOVERNOR,
J. R. HINDMAN,
Of Adair County.

FOR ATTORNEY GENERAL,
P. W. HARDIN,
Of Mercer County.

FOR AUDITOR,
FAYETTE HEWITT,
Of Hardin County.

FOR TREASURER,
JAMES W. TATE,
Of Franklin County.

FOR SUPERINTENDENT PUBLIC INSTRUCTION
JOSEPH DESHA PICKETT,
Of Fayette County.

FOR REGISTER OF THE LAND OFFICE,
J. G. CECIL,
Of Pike County.

Go to the polls next Monday.

KENTUCKY should give a regular old fashioned majority in the election, Monday. It will be the first gun of the campaign of 1884.

THE daily papers are advertising a cholera nostrum whose trade mark is a negro with a bottle of the specific in one hand and a watermelon in the other.

NEXT Monday is election day. If you have not already made up your mind to go to the polls, resolve to do so right now, and remind your neighbor of its importance.

JO BLACKBURN—talking Jo, made a rousing speech at Clinton, Monday, for Knott and the democracy. He is the most brilliant orator in Kentucky and the talkingest man in America.

THE Muhlenberg Echo, published at Greenville, Ky., says:

Cyclones, tornadoes and Republican administrations are just a little too much for the people to endure and make no complaint.

THE people are dazed at the verdict against Polk, the defaulting Tennessee Treasurer. The heavy robbers go free so often that the masses don't understand how Polk was convicted and given 20 years in the penitentiary. But, Polk is not in the penitentiary yet!

NOT a dollar has been stolen out of the State Treasury since the Democrats ruled in Kentucky. A man deserves no special compliment for not stealing; but in these days and times when a political party controls 17 years and proves a clean record, the people should give that party a rousing majority.

IT is a commendable fact, noticeable in the pending senatorial and legislative races, that the papers of the district, are not giving personal support to any candidate, but are leaving democratic candidates to stand as democrats before the democratic voters on equal terms. This is as it should be, and our press deserves the highest commendation.

THE Postmaster General has decided postmasters to be responsible for the payment of subscriptions to newspapers, where the papers are not taken from offices and the postmasters fail to notify publishers of the fact. The law requires the postmaster to give this notice, and they are furnished with blank cards for this purpose by the department at Washington, or in the absence of that means, the paper can be enclosed to the publisher by mail and marked "Refused."

CONFEDERATE BONDS.

A syndicate has been formed in England, composed of eminent bankers and lawyers, with headquarters in London, to mass all the old Confederate bonds, and compel their payment, or rather force a compromise. Their position is that each of the Southern States constituting the Southern Confederacy are responsible for these bonds as States. In as much as the 14th Amendment to the U. S. Constitution forbids the Southern States from paying these bonds, and public sentiment not favoring, they are not likely to succeed.

The Canvass in Kentucky.

"There is general call from all parts of the State for Democratic speakers. The people want to hear the issues of the canvass discussed. The late period at which the convention was held rendered it impossible for the candidates for State offices to make a thorough canvass of the State, and their labors must be supplemented by the eloquence of our ablest speakers."—[Yeoman.

It is understood that Jo. Blackburn, Senator Williams, Beck, and others tendered their services to the State Committee immediately after the nomination, but their services were declined. This has been a listless, dead campaign, this and other counties, without committees, and whose fault is it? Democratic editors have done their duty, but the committees and speakers are not at work.

A writer in the St. Louis Republican, gives some timely advice to those living in malarial districts, and hence we give a portion of it in our columns this week. He says:

"Chills and fever are apt to come on in the fall as early as the middle of August as soon as the leaves of the trees begin to fall. If farmers will accustom themselves and their families not to go out until the sun is well up and to take a cup of strong black coffee, (I mean by black without any cream in it,) and their breakfast before going out, and then come in as soon as the sun goes down instead of staying out in the falling dews, they will nearly all escape the chills and fever, and save much expense and suffering and health and be better off. Let them keep up this habit from the middle of August until they have a few heavy frosts, and it would be well to observe the same habit from the first of April to the first of June. Try it and see if it is not worth the price of this paper to you."

THE Catlettsburg Democrat says Asbury, the negro candidate for Register of the Land Office, in his speech in Catlettsburg last week, used such indecent language as drove the white Republicans ... of ceremonies from the platform. The Democrats denounce the speech as too ... for print.

The True Facts

In the First, Second, Third and Fourth Senatorial districts, the four districts in the Congressional district represented by Col Oscar Turner, the Democrats have not made any nominations, but there is a disorganized, free for all scramble for office, and a deplorable state of affairs is.... * * * This disorganized and chaotic state of affairs is largely due to the doctrines taught and practiced by Oscar Turner.—Hopkinsville Kentuckian.

You are mistaken as to the cause of the "deplorable state affairs" in this, the First district. The committees in their make up are largely anti Turner, yet they have taken no steps towards "organization," though their attention has been called to the matter by the Hickman COURIER and the *Democrat*. The only candidate who voted for Turner has expressed a willingness to submit to any mode of organization. So you see you are wrong. The cause of the chaos is, that the Senatorial prize is not large enough to attract the attention of the politicians; therefore no "organization" is necessary. But there'll be a cry for it when Turner runs for Congress again. Mayfield Democrat.

State Elections of 1883.

The State elections held this year are not many, but some of them are of much importance to the States concerned. Following is a complete and accurate list:

Connecticut will elect Nov. 6 one-half its Senate and its full House of Representatives.

Georgia elected April 24, Henry D. McDaniel, Democrat, Governor, to fill the vacancy caused by the death of Alexander H. Stephens.

Iowa will elect Oct. 9 Governor and other State officers part of its Senate and its full House of Representatives.

Kentucky will elect, Aug. 6, Governor and other State officers and Legislature, and vote upon the question of holding a convention to revise the State Constitution.

Maryland will elect, Nov. 6, Governor and two other State officers and Legislature.

Massachusetts will elect Nov 6, Governor and other State officers and Legislature.

Michigan elected, April 2, Democratic Greenback Supreme Judges and Regents of the University.

Minnesota will elect, Nov. 6, Governor and other State officers and vote upon three proposed amendments to the Constitution of the State, which provide (1) that the general elections shall be held hereafter in November in each even year; (2) that the Secretary of State, the Treasurer, and the Attorney General shall serve two years and the State Auditor four years, and (3) fix the term of service of the Judges and the Clerk of the Supreme Court and of the Judges of the District Court of the State.

Mississippi will elect, Nov. 6, its Legislature.

Nebraska will elect, Nov. 6, Justice of its Supreme Court and Regents of the State University.

New Jersey will elect, Nov. 6, its Governor, part of its Senate, and its full House of Representatives.

New York will elect, Nov. 6, Secretary of State, Comptroller, Treasurer, Attorney General, Engineer and Surveyor and both branches of the Legislature, and vote upon a proposition to abolish contract labor from the State prisons.

Ohio will elect, Oct. 9, Governor and other State officers and Legislature, and vote upon three proposed amendments to the Constitution of the State which (1 and 2) regulate or prohibit the sale of intoxicating liquor, and (3) reorganize the judiciary of the State.

Pennsylvania will elect, Nov. 6, Auditor General and State Treasurer.

Rhode Island elected April 4, Republican Governor and other State officers and Legislature.

Texas will vote August 14, at a special election, upon four proposed amendments to the Constitution of the State, which (1) relate to the sale of the public school lands; (2) limit the rate of State and local taxation; (3) provide for the formation of a public free school, and (4) fix the terms of the County Court.

Vermont adopted, March 6, two amendments to the Constitution of the State, making officers under the Federal Government ineligible to seats in the Legislature, and providing for the election by the popular vote of Secretary and Auditor of Accounts on the general State ticket.

Virginia will elect, Nov. 6, part of its Senate and its full Assembly.

Business Depression Everywhere.

New York Sun.

Business in Wall street is at a complete standstill. Commission brokers do not make their daily office expenses, and the board room scalpers are the only men who make a living. Speaking of a great broadway and New street house, known as the graveyard (of the customers of course), an old operator remarked: "The expenses of this firm are nearly $10,000 a month, and they don't make one quarter of that sum. No wonder Johnny, the undertaker, (meaning the head of that firm) got sick and despondent." Even the New street bar rooms are empty. The torpid livery operators at Saratoga are demoralized. Vanderbilt does not give them any encouragement, and avoids even talking stocks, and says he is glad he is out of them. The stagnation in speculation is everywhere, and by no means confined to this country. The financial reviews for the half year just completed show for the London stock exchange a decrease of over one third from last year's business for the same period. The falling off in the Clearing House returns is unusually heavy. This is all the more remarkable as the first effect of the Paris panic was to increase the volume of business in London. Speculation in France is still worse.

How Cholera Travels.

"Medicus," in the New York Times.]

Those well versed in the history of cholera have long suspected that there was more of the disease in Port Said, Alexandria and Cairo than has been reported. The general history of cholera in towns is that it is most frequently introduced by ambulating choleraic diarrheal cases. These for several days or more are well enough to go about and easily conceal their condition, as diarrheal diseases of all types are very common in tropical climates. These diseased people wander about as their business, pleasures, or inclination leads them, and thus sow the seeds of the disorder in various and frequently distant places, especially as the secretions from the kidneys are just as poisonous as those from the bowels. Thus when the pestilence crops out it occurs among persons who perhaps have not been far away from their homes, and have not visited any shipping, or knowingly been in contact with any case of cholera. The first cases are generally widely scattered and sporadic, and no connection can easily be traced from one to another, and the whole thing seems a great mystery. The next most productive source in obscure outbreaks is the introduction of soiled clothes, either sent to washerwomen or to relatives, or sold as old clothes.

A Bourbon county, Ky., farmer has 900 young turkeys which he herds like sheep. His three sons are the herdsmen, and when it looks like rain they drive them into a large tobacco barn.

A man in Todd county, Ky., has a beard that is twenty-seven and a half inches in length, and is increasing in length several inches each year. When at home he keeps it pinned up like a woman's hair.

Baltimore ice cream makers impart the ... color by mixing ... each gallon of ... three drops of ... juice of beets. The ... to be harmless.

A Hint for Men.

The conquered man, prostrate before his conqueror, and becoming himself a possession, simultaneously loses possession of whatever thing he has about him, and, therefore surrendering his weapon, he also yields up, if the victor demands it, whatever part of his dress is worth taking. Hence the nakedness, partial or complete, of the captive, becomes additional evidence of his subjugation. * * * In Abyssinia inferiors bare their bodies down to the girdle in the presence of superiors; but to equals the corner of the cloth is removed only for a time. The like occurs in Polynesia. The Tahitians uncover the body as low as the waist in the presence of the King; and in the Society Isles generally the lower ranks of people, by way of respect, strip off their upper garments in the presence of their principal chiefs. * * * Evidently uncovering the head has the same original meaning. Even in certain European usages the relation between the two has been recognized, as by Ford, who remarks that "uncloaking in Spain is equivalent to our taking off the hat." * * * Hence, it seems that removal of the hat among European people, often reduced among ourselves to touching the hat, is a remnant of that process of unclothing himself, by which, in early times, the captive expressed the yielding up of all he had.—*Chicago Inter-Ocean.*

The Railway.

When Jim Fisk introduced the word "railway" to current American speech few lines in this country used the term. At present out of 1,147 names of companies in Poor's Manual, 185 are "railways" and 962 "railroads." The former term is largely used as a convenient synonym in reorganizing old roads. The Chicago, Rock Island and Pacific Railroad has, for instance, just become the Chicago, Rock Island and Pacific Railway. Aside from the convenience which it affords by changing a name in law and leaving it unaltered in sound, the change in this case doubtless hinged on the fact that the stock and bonds of the road are largely held in England, where railway is the constant term. English railway terminology is constantly coming into use in this country, and not always advantageously. "Carriage" for "car" is beginning to appear in the reports of accidents, and is unfortunate, because "car" has but one general meaning, and "carriage" has two. "Metals," the English term for rails, would be an addition to railroad speech. It is graphic, and is not ambiguous as "rail" is especially in this country.

THE eggs when discharged from the oyster are irregular shaped objects, only visible to a well trained eye. The shell is first formed in the shape of a ridge, but gradually expands and at length envelopes the oyster. It now has a few hairs with which it swims close to the surface of the water for a few hours, until its digestive organs fully develop, when it seeks a hard substance, attaches itself to it and remains sedentary for the rest of its life. The food of the oyster consists of microscopic animal and vegetable matter. The sea water contains much of this and is drawn in the gills of the oyster by suction. The mouth always remains open.

AT the Bavarian Industrial Museum there has recently been exhibited a new kind of flooring tiles made from asphalte in a very simple way. The drawing of the intended design is first made on coarse heavy paper. Then it is covered with bits of china and glass, so as to form a mosaic. Lastly a border is made to the sheet, and liquid asphalte is poured upon it. After the whole has been covered, the paper is taken away with cold water, and the tile is finished. This flooring is said to be handsome in appearance, and to resist damp for an indefinite period.

Man a Laughing Animal.

Man is said to be the only animal that can cry, and yet he is not really a crying creature. He is a laughing and smiling creature. The hours which bring tears do not come very often. Some firesides see ten or twenty years in which no one has cause for weeping. Many hundreds and thousands meet with no sorrow for a quarter a century. The days on which man cries are few compared with all the days of his life. Man is an animal that can cry, but he is most perfectly a creature that laughs. Not many days pass that bring no pleasant smiles to the majority. There is a column of laughter in the daily newspaper. The light dramas of a pure and ingenious quality draw large audiences, while painful tragedy is less popular, because all mankind would rather laugh than cry. It ought to be an *a priori* argument in favor of life's intrinsic sweetness and worth that man comes up into it with his face beaming with smiles, and this smile widens out as years pass, and the dear old father laughs and plays with children, and one merriment like one electricity thrills the heart of infant and of patriarch.

The Burglar Wasn't There.

Too much presence of mind is a rare surplus in man or woman. It may make as queer mistakes as excitement itself:

A Southern lady, while preparing to retire for the night, thought she saw the eye of a full-length portrait of Washington wink. She had heard of burglars hiding behind pictures, but she did not scream and faint. She took off her diamonds, and opening a drawer as if to put them in it, took out a revolver and quickly discharged six shots into the head of the portrait; and the servants rushed in and found there was no burglar there, and the $2,300 picture was spoiled for nothing. Presence of mind and coolness don't want to be accompanied by too much imagination.

In the Street.

A gentleman interested in prisoners visited a man in jail, waiting to be tried for a crime.

"Sir," said the prisoner, tears running down his cheeks, "I had a good home education. My street education ruined me. I used to slip out of the house, and go off with the boys in the street.

"In the street I learned to lounge; in the street I learned to swear; in the street I learned to smoke; in the street I learned to gamble; in the street I learned to pilfer, and to do all evil. O sir, it is in the street the devil lurks to work the ruin of the young!"

WHAT is home without a husband?—*New York Express.* It is a cup of weak tea and the best dish of gossip ever cooked up by an old maid.

IT is announced that the faculty of Butler University in Indianapolis has forbidden the young ladies to belong to the young men's secret societies. The awful belief is expressed that the initiation ceremony involved the kissing of each girl by every boy, double lines being formed for the prompt and efficient performance of the rite.

AN indignant tenant and a rather negligent landlord were overheard in the following conversation in front of the Monument, Monday evening:

Tenant (indignantly)—"My chimney smokes."

Landlord—"What does it smoke?"

Tenant (more indignantly)—"It smokes everything."

Landlord—"Has it tried cubebs?"

Tenant—"Cubebs!"

Landlord—"Yes. Give it cubebs. The chimney has probably got the catarrh, and smoking cubebs will clear the passage."—*Danbury News.*

THE beet sugar buildings at Franklin, Mass., will be very extensive and they will cover over an acre of ground.

IT is estimated that the loss by lung... ...

THE STAGE-DRIVER'S STORY.

BY WYOMING ART.

I know it's presumin' for one sich as me
  For to talk to a lady so grand;
It's jist like an imp from Satan's domains
  Chinnin' one from the heavenly land!
But you've axed for my story, ma'am, neat and perlite,
  And I'll tell it the best that I kin;
Leavin' out all that's rough or of vulgar degree,
  Skippin' over all techin of sin.

I come to these mountains in '59, and hyar
  I've remained as yer see ever sence;
I drove on the Overland Line 'til the hoss
  Slung the coaches 'way over the fence.
An' then I tried minin', an' went through my pile
  In a manner most decidedly flat;
Then I shopped on that lay, an' got in for to herd
  Texas mittle up thar on the Platte.

"From the States?" do you ask? yes, I fust saw the light
  In this, an' right thar I stayed
Till I tired o' the civilized racket, ye see;
  Couldn't coon to legitimate trade.
Then I packed up my duds an' bid—some one—good-by,
  An' headed my hoss fur the West,
An' cum to these mountains to buck agin luck—
  To swallow my dose with the rest!

"Got a wife?" looks hyar, ma'am—I'd rather not talk
  On sich subjects as that, fur ye see,
It mightn't be flatterin' to let out the truth;
  It perhaps 'd reflect upon me.
"Got an object in axin," ye say? Wal, I swear!
  I can't see how I'd interest you;
An' I guess—eh? "you must know?" Wal, then, ma'am, I had
  A wife that was noble an' true.

Ye see, 'twas like this: When I lived in the States
  Somehow I war all outen luck,
An' I stood in with nothin' but cussed hard times,
  No matter what racket I struck,
Till at last I giv up an' concluded to leave—
  An' Mary approved o' the plan,
An' sed, "Go along, Tom, an' when ye git rich
  Ye'll find yer companion on hand."

But the same cussed luck followed right in my trail,
  So I jist quit a writin' back home—
Fur I wanted the folks thar to think White was dead,
  An' continue as usual to roam.
I strayed hyar an' thar—with no settled place—
  Fur to camp—with no object in view;
No ambition to rustle fur more than enough
  To grub me—indeed, ma'am, it's true!

"Do I love Mary yit?" Why, ma'am—(darn it all,
  That smoke keeps a smartin' my eyes,
Makes 'm water as though I war drappin' sum weep—
  When the wind's south that smoke allers flies).
"What an answer?" Wal, ma'am, I mus' say (darn that wrastle)—
  I mus' say that in all these long years
She's bin right to me thoughts, an' many's the night
  I lay thinkin' of Mary—in tears.

Her pictur I carry right hyar to my heart—
  Jist a thought of her fills me with bliss,
An' the day grows as dark as the bottomless pit
  When I think p'r'aps she's dead afore this
I've treated her shabbily, I ot, ma'am, 'twar hard luck
  That made me shake home in that style,
An' I'm hopin' till yit the heerds 'll soon change
  An' begin to run right arter a while!

An' if ever I git jist a small stake ahead
  I'm agoin' to toddle back thar,
An' I'll ax Mary's pardon an' settle right down,
  An' be decent—I will, ma'am, I'll swear!
What's that! looks hyar, ma'am, great heavens! jist turn
  Yer face more around ter this light!
Hist yer veil—great Lord of all mercy above!
  Why, Mary Elizabeth White!

UNCLE EPH KIMBLE MISTAKE.

He Raises the Deuce Trying to Light Himself to Bed With a Roman Candle.

Th' folks up 'long th' Dyberry thought they'd hev a reg'lar rip-tearin' ole sellybration one Fourth o' July, with fireworks an' all the modern improvements. They got a lot o' skyrockets an' Romin candles an' fiz-wheels, an' th' durndest passel o' pernishus waste o' good powder th't th' kummittee k'd lay their han's on es long es th' money held out. I s'pose th' ole Dyberry woods hadn't seen sich a time sence th' Indians nsty whoop an' howl an' caper 'round their camp fires.

Th' fireworks went off splendid. I s'pose they was powder 'nuff burnt t' keep th' hull o' Dyberry in ammunition fur a year. Nobody's Roamin candles ever roamed poothr th'n than these up on th' Dyberry. These candles was so han'some like th't some o' Uncle Eph Kimble's folks kep' a couple of 'em, and stuck one inter a big candle stick on each end o' the mantletree in the sittin' room for a ornyment.

Quite a w'ile arter the sellybration Uncle Eph were down the river with some lumber, an' he bought a bar'l of Jones' Philadelfy ale. When the bar'l come, he rolled it inter th' cellar o' his store, and it soon got noised around that they ha'n't never nothing know'd along th' Dyberry t' equal Uncle Eph's ale. One night a lot of fellers was gathered in Uncle Eph's bar, an' they was a drinkin' ale pooty durn lively. Uncle Eph hed never drinked any o' Jones' ale afore, an' he was a doin' su'thin' a leetle unusual fur him, and was a tamperin' with the flowin' bowl quite lively himself. The durn ale is infernal deceivin', and th' first thing Uncle Eph knowed he were singing songs with the' boys that none on 'em hed ever heard afore, an' was a telling yarns that made 'em all howl. When the ole man started fur hum, es he sez himself, he couldn't a told th' moon from a measure o' oats. The folks hed all gone ter bed an' the house were darker than Ejipt.

"B'gosh t'mighty!" said Eph. Ye know it ez nat'ral fur him to say that es it is fur him to eat. "B'gosh t'lmighty! the ole 'coman 's turned in, and—don't ye see—I'm turned out!"

But he got in th' house all right; got some matches out of th' tin box under the kitchen mantletree, and went a totterin' around on his toes t' find a candle. He couldn't find none in the kitchen, so he got inter the sittin' room, struck a match, an' pooty soon see the Roamin candles, with their long wicks a stickin' up on each end o' the mantle.

"B'gosh t'lmighty!" says Uncle Eph, talkin' to himself, "didn't leave me no kitchen candle, hey! Then, don' ye see, I'll light one of yer parl'r ones. I ain't goin' ter bed in no dark, b'gosh t'lmighty!"

So he takes one of the Roamin candles out'n the candlestick.

"Seems ter me th' ole 'coman 's a puttin a heap o' taller inter her candles lately, don't you see?" said Uncle Eph, recognizing the big size of th' one he had in his hand.

He tetches a match to th' Roamin candle an' starts for the bed-room door. He had jest time t' say, 'B'gosh t'lmighty! those yer new-fangled candles don't give no more light nor an old-fash'n'd taller dip!" when he began t' hear from the fireworks. The candle begun t' spit fire, and Uncle Eph begun t' dance and holler. He'd got ez fur es "B'gosh t'lmighty!" when "bang" want a blue ball o' fire ez big as a man's head, plum through one o' the winders. One of Uncle Eph's boys—young Doc, I think—heard the rumpus an' come a tearin' down stairs without nothing on but his shirt. Just ez he bursted inter th' room, Uncle Eph had the Roamin candle p'inted t'oards the door, an' "boom!" went a red ball square agin young Doc's stomich, doublin' him up like a slip knee. Uncle Eph's wife went a runin' from her bed t' the sittin'-room door, and when she see Eph in the middle 'v a blaze of fire, a dancin' around the room, hollern "B'gosh t'lmighty!" and duckin' an' bobbin his head every time th' candle spit a ball, she know'd just what were up, and she tumbled down an' almos' died a laughin'. When the candle gin out she got up and went an' struck a light. She h'd hardly see in the sitting-room fur the smoke, and she said it smelt like the Fourth o' July all over agin. She found Uncle Eph settin in the middle of th' floor, lookin' around kind o' lost like, ez if he didn't exactly know whether th' Judgment Day hed rolled around, or he'd ben struck b' lightnin'. Bime by he sort o' got a glimmer of what 'd ben goin' on. He looked up at his wife and sed, es mild es if he were askin' her fur another cup o' coffee at breakfast:

"Say, b'gosh t'lmighty, ole 'coman, did you make them air candles? An' ef ye did, what the devil did yer go an' put inter the taller?"

Sheep vs. Dogs.

An exchange says: "Carry the news to the thick headed and progressive Solons of the South that the dog law in Indiana creates a fund out of which losses of sheep killed by dogs are regularly paid, and, besides that contributes $100,000 a year to the school fund."

Strange Proceeding.

At Bel Air, Md., on the 24th ultimo, two men, named Stump and Griffith, were on trial for the murder of Hammond. Stump was tried first and acquitted. He then came in as the witness of Griffith, and thus testified:

Ques.—Do you know anything of the murder of Hammond?
Ans.—Yes.
Ques.—Do you know who killed him?
Ans.—Yes.
Ques.—Who was it?
Ans.—I did it myself!
Ques.—Had Griffith any agency in the act?
Ans.—None; and he did not know it until four hours afterwards.
Of course they both got off.

Gen Sherman is credited with the following remark: "When I made up my mind to retire from the army I desired to leave Washington. It is full of hollowness, hypocrisy and snobbery."

Nothing is easier for a young fellow who knows his trade than to get acquainted with girls of good repute who ramble about alone. After one or two encounters at the same time and in the same place, a certain eye acquaintance begins; an almost imperceptible smile dawns on his face; a faint blush gathers over hers. By degrees the smile broadens into the full noonday of confessed recognition; the blush is deeper and becomes undisguisedly conscious; there is almost the first approach to a bow; and then by the merest accident (?) the speaking point is reached.

AN ACT

To take the sense of the people of this Commonwealth as to the propriety of calling a Convention to revise the Constitution, and to regulate the manner of taking the list of qualified voters.

CHAPTER 40.

WHEREAS, It is the sentiment of this General Assembly, and many good citizens of this Commonwealth, that experience has pointed out the necessity of calling a convention with the view of amending the Constitution of this State; therefore

Be it enacted by the General Assembly of the Commonwealth of Kentucky

SEC. 1. That it shall be the duty of the sheriffs and other officers, at the next general election held for Representatives after the passage of this act, to open a poll for, and make a return to the Secretary of State for the time being of, the names of all citizens entitled to vote for Representatives who have voted for calling a convention.

SEC. 2. *Be it further enacted*, That any sheriff or other returning officer failing to perform the duty imposed by the first section of this act, shall be subject to a fine of six hundred dollars, to be recovered by indictment by any grand jury to any court having jurisdiction thereof, and also subject, upon conviction of such failure, to removal from office.

SEC. 3. *Be it further enacted*, That it shall be the duty of the Secretary of State to have this act advertised in the columns of one weekly newspaper in every county in this State, for two consecutive weeks immediately preceding the election, and in one of the daily newspapers in the city of Louisville, for thirty days immediately preceding the election: *Provided, however* There is no weekly newspaper in any one or more counties of this Commonwealth in which said advertisement can be made, it is made his duty to have posted a printed copy of said bill, in handbill form, at the court house door of such counties, for at least two consecutive weeks preceding said election.

SEC. 4. *Be it further enacted*, That the Public Printer shall, upon a separate sheet, print ten thousand copies of this act, and deliver them to the Secretary of State, who shall send seventy five copies of the same to the clerk of the county court of each county in the State at the time of forwarding the Acts of the General Assembly; and said clerk shall deliver the same to the sheriffs of their several counties.

SEC. 5. *Be it further enacted*, That it shall be the duty of the clerks or judges conducting the said general election to propound to each voter the following question: "Do you vote for calling a convention or not?" and if he answers in the affirmative, his name shall be recorded as having voted for calling a convention.

SEC. 6. *Be it further enacted*, That it shall be the duty of the assessors of tax to open a column in their assessor's book, and enroll therein the name of each citizen entitled to vote for Representative in the year 1883; but the assessors shall only enroll the names of those whom they know to be entitled, at the time, to vote for Representatives, such knowledge to be based—1. Either upon the personal knowledge of the assessor; 2. Or upon satisfactory information obtained by the assessor directly from the person whose name is enrolled; 3. Or upon satisfactory information under oath, from those who, of their own knowledge, testify to the facts which are necessary to such qualification; and for enrolling names without such knowledge or information, such assessor shall be deemed guilty of a misdemeanor, and fined twenty dollars for each and every name so improperly enrolled, which fine shall be enforced in any court of competent jurisdiction, and be for the benefit of the common schools of the Commonwealth; and they shall be governed, in all cases, in ascertaining who is entitled to vote, by the laws then in force to prevent illegal voting; and this column, written in a fair and legible hand, shall be transmitted, with the assessor's books, to the Auditor, who shall make out a copy thereof, and deposit the same in the office of the Secretary of State for the time being, who shall transmit the same to the next Legislature as a list of those who are entitled to vote for Representatives, in order that the Legislature may have the means to ascertain whether a majority of the citizens of the State entitled to vote for Representatives have voted for a convention.

SEC. 7. *Be it further enacted*, That it shall be the duty of each assessor of tax, who shall be in office in the year 1883, as soon as he shall be advised of the passage of this act, to go before a justice of the peace and take the following oath: "I do solemnly swear I will, to the best of my ability, fairly ascertain the number of qualified voters in the district in which I was elected for the year 1883, and report the same, with my book made as assessor of tax, before the first day of May, 1883."

SEC. 8. *Be it further enacted*, That the assessors of tax may, and they are hereby required to, examine, on oath, any person in relation to his right to vote for Representatives when he has doubt as to his right to vote; and any person who shall knowingly swear falsely before the assessor, and thereof shall be convicted, shall be subjected to all the pains and penalties of the crime of perjury.

SEC. 9. *Be it further enacted*, That the assessor shall write "sworn" opposite the name of each person sworn by him.

SEC. 10. *Be it further enacted*, That it shall be the duty of the Public Printer to print five hundred copies of the seventh, eighth, and ninth sections of this act immediately after its passage, and deliver them to the Secretary of State for the time being, who shall transmit them forthwith to the county clerks, to be delivered by them, as soon as possible, to the assessors of tax for 1883.

SEC. 11. This act shall take effect from and after its passage.

APPROVED JANUARY 7, 1882.

STRONG FACTS!

A great many people are asking what particular troubles BROWN'S IRON BITTERS is good for.

It will cure Heart Disease, Paralysis, Dropsy, Kidney Disease, Consumption, Dyspepsia, Rheumatism, Neuralgia, and all similar diseases.

Its wonderful curative power is simply because it purifies and enriches the blood, thus beginning at the foundation, and by building up the system, drives out all disease.

A Lady Cured of Rheumatism.

Baltimore, Md., May 7, 1880.
My health was much shattered by Rheumatism when I commenced taking Brown's Iron Bitters, and I scarcely had strength enough to attend to my daily household duties. I am now using the third bottle and am regaining strength daily, and I cheerfully recommend it to all. I cannot say too much in praise of it. MRS. MARY E. BRASHEAR, 173 Prestmanst.

Kidney Disease Cured.

Christiansburg, Va., 1881.
Suffering from kidney disease, from which I could get no relief, I tried Brown's Iron Bitters, which cured me completely. A child of mine, recovering from scarlet fever, had no appetite and did not seem to be able to eat at all. I gave him Iron Bitters with the happiest results.
J. KYLE MONTAGUE.

Heart Disease.

Vine St., Harrisburg, Pa.
Dec. 2, 1881.
After trying different physicians and many remedies for palpitation of the heart without receiving any benefit, I was advised to try Brown's Iron Bitters. I have used two bottles and never found anything that gave me so much relief.
MRS. JENNIE HESS.

For the peculiar troubles to which ladies are subject, BROWN'S IRON BITTERS is invaluable. Try it.

Be sure and get the Genuine.

Caldwell's High School.

THE FIFTH YEAR will commence
Monday, Aug. 27th, 1883.
and continue nine months

The course of study, in addition to thorough Primary Work, will include Higher Mathematics, the Natural Science, German, Latin and Greek, Book Keeping, Penmanship, Elocution and Vocal Culture.

TUITION PER MONTH.

Primary,	$3 00
Intermediate,	4 00
Advanced,	5 00

Payable monthly in Advance.

B. C. CALDWELL, MARY CALDWELL, } Principals.
Hickman, Ky., August 3, 1883.

U. S. GOVERNMENT.

President—Chester A. Arthur.
Vice President—David Davis.
Sec'y of State—Thos. Frelinghuysen.
Secretary Treasury—James Folger.
Secretary of War—Robt. Lincoln.
Secretary Navy—Wm. Chandler.
Secretary Interior—S. J. Kirkwood.
Postmaster General—Timothy O. Howe.
Attorney General—— Brewster.

STATE OFFICERS.

Governor—Luke P. Blackburn.
Lt. Governor—J. E. Cantrill.
Secretary of State—James Blackburn.
Assist Sec. of State—Thos. G. Harris.
State Auditor—Fayette Hewitt.
Treasurer—James W. Tate.
Attorney General—P. W. Hardin.
Register Land Office—Alph. Sheldon.
Sup. Pub. Instruction—J. D. Pickett.
State Printer—S. I. M. Major.

CITY OFFICIALS.

Mayor—W. L. McCutchen.
City Judge—George Warren.
City Marshal—C. B. Herbert.
City Clerk—R. E. Miller.
City Treasurer—T. P. Fortune.
Marketmaster—
City Tax Collector—A. M. DeBow.
Wharfmaster—
Sexton—Peter George.
Councilmen—T. M. French, Jno. Witting, H. C. Beckman, M. B. Shaw, Joe Stevens, B. Moore.

COUNTY OFFICIALS.

County Judge—R. S. Marrell.
County Clerk—W. P. Taylor.
Sheriff—W. C. Johnson.
Circuit Court Clerk—T. M. French.
Assessor—Jas. Cooper.
County Attorney—A. D. Ringman.
Jailer—Frank Thomasson.
Master Commissioner—Geo. Warren.
County Surveyor—Robert McConnel.
Coroner—
Circuit Judge—James Campbell.
Commonwealth's Attorney—C. Thomas.

COUNTY COURTS.

Fulton County Court R. S. Marrell, judge, held every 2d Monday in each month.

Fulton County Quarterly Court—R. S. Marrell, judge, held 4th Monday in January, April, July and October.

COURT OF APPEALS.

Joseph Lewis, Chief Justice; Thos. F. Hargis, Thomas Hines, and W. S. Pryor Judges.

MAGISTRATES COURTS

1st District—Esq. Donoho, 2d Saturday in March, June, September and December. Esq. Hammond, 1st Saturday in same months.

2d District—Esq. Goor, 3rd Saturday March, June, September and December, Esq. Kennady, 4th Monday in same months.

3rd District—Esq. Reed, 3rd Monday in March, June, September and December, Esq. Moyes, 4th Saturday in same months.

4th District—Esq. Dickinson, 1st Monday in March, June, September and December. Esq. Baynes, 4th Tuesday in same months.

5th District—Esq. Bone, 1st Wednesday in March, June, September and December, Esq. Fields, 3rd Wednesday in same months.

6th District—Esq. Jones, 4th Wednesday in March, June, September and December. Esq. Thos. Bradshaw, 2d Wednesday in same months.

Groceries.

25cts Lower than the Lowest

I have no clerk expenses—no store rent—and pay cash for all my Groceries, and, therefore can sell as cheap as the cheapest. Best brands of Wittenberg and Lone Star Flour, 25 cents cheaper than the lowest. JOHN WITTING.

GROCERIES
—AND—
LIQUORS.

HENRY W. KNOERR & CO., Berendes building, Clinton street, keep in store a good supply of FAMILY GROCERIES and the finest brands of LIQUORS. Good ... low prices.

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COLLECTIONS promptly remitted.
Abstracts of titles a specialty.

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Collector, Real Estate Agent

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Will attend promptly to all business entrusted him in Southwestern Kentucky and Northwestern Tennessee. Special attention given to the investigation of land titles, and the purchase and sale of Real Estate. Jan8

TAKEN UP.

As a stray by John S. Warford living one mile south east of Jordan Station, Fulton County, Ky. One iron Gray Mare four years old, about 14 hands high, branded with X or so on each thigh, with curve over the brand on left thigh and some white spots over the body, left fore knee to the right; no other marks perceivable, valued at twenty five dollars.

Given under my hand this June 5th, 1883.
W. B. GOSS, J. P. F. C.

JAMES ROGER,
HICKMAN, KENTUCKY,
REPRESENTING
B. S. RHEA & SON,
— OF —
Nashville, Tennessee,
DEALERS IN
GRAIN, &c

FRITZ SCHROEDER,
FASHIONABLE
BOOT AND SHOE MAKER

SHOP—North West corner of Moscow and Troy Avenues, East Hickman, Ky.
Satisfaction guaranteed.
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HICKMAN MARBLE WORK

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DEALER IN

ITALIAN AND AMERICAN MARBLE MONUMENTS, TOMB AND GRAVE STONES.

HAVING received a fine lot of American and Italian Marble, I am prepared to fill all orders. Call and examine my work.
Orders from the country promptly
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MR. J. H. MONTGOMERY, announces to his friends and the public that he has opened a new and fresh supply of all kinds of FAMILY GROCERIES, which he will sell as low as the lowest. He is ready at all times to exchange Groceries at cash prices for Butter, Eggs, Chickens, or any kind of marketing that the farming friends may bring in. The highest market price always paid.
J. H. MONTGOMERY & SONS.

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Family Groceries.

NO space to name all articles, but no trouble to show goods.
Come and see, at the corner of Troy and Moscow Avenue, East Hickman, Ky.

J. W. ROGERS,

KEEPS all kinds of staple and fancy

GROCERIES,

and Confectioneries. Will be pleased to see his old customers, and will both suit them in price and quality. Call and see us. "Quick Sales and Small Profits. Won't be undersold. [jan4tf

BEER SALOON

H. F. FETHE,

KEEPS fresh beer on tap, all the time. Will serve customers promptly and courteously.

FAMILY GROCERY

H. O. JUDGE.

(FRENZ'S OLD STAND)

All kinds of

STAPLE AND FANCY GROCERIES

usually kept in a first class house, at bottom prices.

FANCY CANDIES, TEA, MINCE MEAT, PICKLES, CRANBERRIES, HOMINY, GRITS

LIQUORS,

Sugar, Coffees, Soaps, &c.

Will not be undersold.
Will pay full price for Butter, Eggs, &c.

Railroads.

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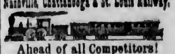

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THE BEST ROUTE to the Summer resorts and Mountain retreats of Tennessee, Virginia and the Carolinas, via McKENZIE and NASHVILLE.

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—By this Line you secure the—

MAXIMUM OF SPEED, SAFETY, COMFORT, AND SATISFACTION,
—AT THE—
MINIMUM OF EXPENSE, ANXIETY BOTHER AND FATIGUE.

Be sure to buy your tickets over the
N. C. & ST. L. R'Y.

THE INEXPERIENCED TRAVELER need not go amiss; few changes are necessary, and such as are unavoidable are made in Union Depots.

THROUGH SLEEPERS!

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Memphis and Nashville, Columbus and Nashville, St. Louis and Nashville, McKenzie and Nashville, Nashville and Louisville, Nashville and Chattanooga and Nashville and Atlanta, connecting with Sleepers to Florida points.

For further information call on your nearest R. R. Station Agent, or address
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CINCINNATI, LEXINGTON, LOUISVILLE, EVANSVILLE, ST. LOUIS,
N. ORLEANS, MOBILE, MONTGOMERY, MEMPHIS, NASHVILLE,

Without Change and with Speed Unrivaled

SHORTEST AND QUICKEST ROUTE
From Memphis, Milan, and Humboldt to the

NORTH & EAST

PULLMAN CARS Without Change from above cities to Louisville and but one change to principal
NORTHERN AND EASTERN CITIES.

THREE TRAINS DAILY
By this line, making
SURE CONNECTIONS AND QUICKEST TIME
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SAFETY AND COMFORT.

EMIGRANTS Seeking homes on the line of this road will receive special low rates.

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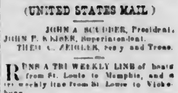

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JOHN A. SCUDDER, President.
JOHN P. KEISER, Superintendent.
THEO. C. ZEIGLER, Secy and Treas.

RUNS A TRI WEEKLY LINE of boats from St. Louis to Memphis, and a tri weekly line from St. Louis to Vicksburg.

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Memphis boats pass Hickman Tuesday nights, Thursday nights and Saturday nights. Vicksburg boats, Sunday, Wednesdays and Fridays.

GOING NORTH.

Memphis boats pass Hickman Tuesday nights, Friday nights and Sunday nights. Vicksburg boats Mondays, Wednesdays, and Saturdays.

Memphis boats—Steamers City of Helena, Ste Genevieve and John B. Maude.

Vicksburg boats—Steamers City of Providence, Belle of Memphis, Gold Dust, City of Cairo, City of Greenville and City of Vicksburg.

MEMPHIS AND OHIO RIVER

PACKET COMPANY.

Memphis, Cairo, Louisville and Cincinnati Steamers

JAMES W. GAFF, ANDY BAUM,
CONS MILLER, VINT SHINKLE,

GRANITE STATE,

LEAVES EVERY SUNDAY and THURSday, at 5 p. m., for Cairo, Louisville and Cincinnati, connecting at Cincinnati with Railroads and Steamers for

Eastern, Western and Northern Points,

Giving through tickets to all points—Chicago, Toledo, Buffalo, Richmond, New York, Washington City, Philadelphia and Boston. East, North and Western tourists will find La Belle River route safe, delightful and economical.

Rates by this line cheaper than any other first class route. Meals and staterooms free. Baggage checked through.

Passengers can rely on a splendid trip by this line, as the steamers are all first class, having been expressly built for the accommodation of passengers.

Each steamer carries a full string band.
R. W. LIGHTBURNE,
General Freight and Ticket Agent
No 7 Monroe street, Memphis, Tenn.

TAKEN UP AS STRAYS,

by R. E. Dodds, & Bros, living two and half miles east of the city of Hickman, on the State Road, in Fulton county, Ky., on the 21st day of Jan., 1883, TWO STEERS, aged about three years. One is RED and WHITE PYDED; and the other a RED and white SPECKELED, with a white stripe on his back, both marked with crop and underbit in each ear. No brand or other marks perceivable, appraised at the value due at ten dollars and the other at twelve.

Witness my hand this 1st day of February, 1883.
J. W. MAYES, J. P. F. C.

LOCAL NEWS.

FOR THE STATE SENATE.

We are authorized to announce T. J. McMOOR, of Trenton county, as a candidate to represent the counties of Hickman, Fulton and Graves, in the XXI Senate of Kentucky, subject to the action of the Democratic party. Election August 6th.

We are authorized to announce C. M. VAUGHAN as a candidate to represent the counties of Hickman, Fulton and Graves, in the XXI Senate of Kentucky, subject to the action of the Democratic party. Election August 6th.

FOR THE LEGISLATURE.

We are authorized to announce J. K. BRINKLEY, of Hickman county, as a candidate to represent Hickman and Fulton in the lower branch of the next State Legislature.

We are authorized to announce (Dr. J. SUNFIELD, of Hickman county, as a candidate to represent Hickman and Fulton counties in the Lower House of the next State Legislature.

It is the female mosquito that stings.

Try DENTAL SCOTCH SNUFF, it is superior to any other, and will preserve the Teeth.

The new City Hall is a fixed fact. See Council proceedings.

Fuqua & DeBow are Wholesale Agents for DENTAL SCOTCH SNUFF.

Mrs. Geo W. Martin, of Martin, Tenn., is visiting Mrs. C. L. Randle.

Ask your merchant for DENTAL SCOTCH SNUFF, it will preserve the teeth.

Mrs. Jas R. Brown and Mrs. Jo. Clark, are visiting Paducah, Ky.

Plant Bros. & Co., are offering their entire stock of Goods, Boys and Childrens Straw Hats at cost prices.

Mr. Norton Steele, son of Jno. C. Steele, of Paducah, is visiting friends in the city.

You can get DENTAL SCOTCH SNUFF either plain or sweet.

The wheat crop in Kentucky is eighty millions bushels short of the United States, says the Department of Agriculture at Washington.

Mr. Robert H Scearce, brother of A. H. Scearce, of this county, died at his home, near Troy, Tenn., July 20th. He was an upright, worthy citizen.

Mason's [gallon Fruit Jars at $1 00 qt. " " " " " " 1 " " $1.25, " " at MUSE & SHAWS.

Miss Carrie Beckham returned to her home in Corydon, Ky., last Saturday, accompanied by her cousin, Miss Verona Luttrell, who will spend several months among her relatives.

Now is your time to procure your licenses in Brow Goods.

PLANT BROS & CO.

Ministers are invited to make use of this paper for announcement of religious services. Anything pertaining to the churches or Sunday schools will always be welcome.

Bath was given 39 years in the Tennessee penitentiary. The same new goes to the Supreme court. Few people think he will ever go to prison, but the chances are very will be found to defeat the verdict of the jury.

Our energetic young townsman, C. Hughlette Wilson, has purchased the dwelling known as the Palmer house, and will thoroughly repair and overhaul it at once—what for?

The splendid rains of this week save what the good farmers call "God seeds." Crops are beginning to suffer greatly. The rains were worth thousands of dollars to this section.

A grand musical festival is being planned for the 7th of August, at White's opera house, Clinton, Ky. The entertainment will be under the auspices of the Christian Church people, and by Prof. Fred Fellmore, of Cincinnati.—Exchange.

C. Hughlette Wilson is just completing one of the neatest law offices in the west of the State. The office is on the brow of the hill in front of the court house, is brick, two rooms, metal roof, and will cost Mr. Wilson about $450.

It costs a newspaper hard cash to publish little gratuitous notices of performances, exhibitions, building associations, excursions, factories, business houses, etc., and it is only a reasonable return that such parties should award their patronage to those who are willing to do the most for them and the public at large.

Mr. Wm. Bourgeaux and Miss Lorena Musser, (daughter of the late Jas Murphy), were married at the home of the bride's grand mother, Mrs. Owen Miller, near Jordan, this county, on Tuesday last. The young people are justly esteemed worthy and deserving, and blessings are observed upon them in the good wishes of all.

The contest of the affray between the Watsons and Darnell on the one side and the mate of the steamer City of Vicksburg on the other, at Darnell's landing last week, as reported in the paper at that ewalty, is pronounced grossly unjust to the Watsons and Darnell, by their friends. The Coroner is promised the full facts in time for our next issue, and until then, a suspension of public opinion is respectfully asked.

The scale exhibition of Mrs. Mahoney's music class, Tuesday evening last, was a real musical treat. All the scholars received encomiums and applause, the awarding the prize the judges tied between Misses Cordie Hornbeck, Nettie Kirkpatrick, and Stella Strong, and the prize was determined by lot between these, the first named winning. Miss Anne Bolster was judged to perform quite as well and skillfully as any, and would have been among the winners, but for a nervousness that marred the first part of her exercise. The other pupils had not been practising as long as these, but were highly complimented. Mr. Josh Millett and Mrs Jno. W. Cowgill added greatly to the entertainment by splendid music on the piano and violin; but the superlative enjoyment were the songs, "A Bird from across the Sea," and "Chasing through the Rye," by Miss Belle Fortune, the fairest and sweetest cantatrice who ever sang in Hickman. Mrs. M. reprets her exhibition every three months

INNOCENT.

The Charge of Child Murder Untrue.

Error of Nearly Public Sentiment.—Names and Events As to Discharged

The Coroner of last week gave an account of the mysterious burial of an unknown babe, and the finding of its new made grave in the woods, the action of the officers in disinterring the body, the summoning of a jury of inquest, the testimony before the jury, and the verdict of the jury that the child had come to its death by violence, and that this violence was evidenced by the skull being fractured in two places. The Coroner also referred to the consternation it occasioned in the community, the horror of our people at such a deed, and their indignation toward the UNKNOWN perpetrators thereof. This paper also stated the efforts of City Marshal Herbert and others to solve the mystery, his trace of them and the circumstantial evidence which pointed to the guilt of James and Emma Lockridge, the exhumation of the buried child, and the first capture at the foot of No 8 Island, and their arrest and lodgement in the County jail.

The examining trial came up before Coroner Craggs Morrell, Friday last.

The Lockes affirmed their innocence but the verdict of the Coroner's jury, their inability to explain the attempted statement that the child's skull was fractured together with the sad well of circumstantial evidence that had swelled against them, shaped public sentiment very strongly into the belief that they were guilty. They obtained the services of Mr. R. T. Tyler to defend them and persistently urged him to have their bodies re taken up and a thorough examination made by the physicians. The body was re-taken up and a thorough examination made by Drs. J. N. Oates and B. F. O'Daniel, which examination showed that the ruptures matching the various parts of the skeleton together had entirely given away, which circumstance relieved them from the belief that they were guilty. They obtained the services of Mr. R. T. Tyler to defend them and persistently urged him to have their bodies re taken up and a thorough examination made by the physicians. The body was re-taken up and a thorough examination made by Drs. J. N. Oates and B. F. O'Daniel, which examination showed that the ruptures matching the various parts of the skeleton together had entirely give

The Hickman Courier.

GEORGE WARREN, Publisher.

HICKMAN, : : KENTUCKY

A MODEL GARDENER.

Bill Hedger was a gardener
Who earned his daily meat
By toiling zealously all day—
His zeal was hard to beat.

He was a man of tender parts,
And thoughtful for his years—
E'en when he cut his onions down
His eyes would fill with tears.

He was so pitiful and kind
He'd dread to cut his lawn;
But though he'd never shock his friends
He'd often shock his corn.

A score of carrots oft he'd give
To feed a widow's kine.
Such gems of charity are rare—
Full twenty carats fine.

His wretched horse could hardly creep,
But propped him while he grazed;
He said he'd have a better steed
When his celery was raised.

He'd sometimes cauliflower to him
When he had done his work—
He loved it stewed in buttermilk,
Or boiled with grease and pork.

But death at last mowed William down,
And they planted him in loam,
And gave him for his epitaph—
"He found sweet pease at home!"

—*The Judge.*

TOMPKINS.

He was a small, wiry man, about forty years of age, with a bright young face, dark eyes and iron-gray hair. We were reclining in a field, under a clump of pines, on a height overlooking Lake Champlain. Near by were the dull-red brick buildings of the University of Vermont. Burlington, blooming with flowers and embowered in trees, sloped away below us. Beyond the town, the lake, a broad plain of liquid blue, slept in the June sunshine, and in the farther distance towered the picturesque Adirondacks.

"It is certainly true," said Tompkins, turning upon his side so as to face me, and propping his head with his hand, while his elbow rested on the ground. Don't you remember, I used to insist that they were peculiar, when we were here in college?"

I remembered it very distinctly, and so informed my old classmate.

"I always said," he continued, "that I could not do my best in New England, because there is no sentiment in the atmosphere, and the people are so peculiar."

"You have been living in Chicago?" I remarked inquiringly.

"That has been my residence ever since we were graduated; that is, for about seventeen years," he replied.

"You are in business there, I believe?" I questioned.

Tompkins admitted that he was, but did not name the particular line.

"Halloo!" he suddenly called out, rising to his feet, and looking toward the little brown road near us. I looked in the same direction and saw a plainly dressed elderly couple on foot, apparently out for a walk. Tompkins went hastily toward them, helped the lady over the fence, the gentleman following, and a moment later I was introduced to Mr. and Mrs. Pember, of Chicago.

Tompkins gathered some large stones, pulled a board off the fence in rather a reckless manner, and fixed a seat for the couple where they could lean against a tree. When they were provided for, I reclined again, but Tompkins stood before us, talking and gesticulating.

"This," said he, "is the identical place, Mrs. Pember. Here you can see the beauties I have so often described. Before you are the town and the lake, and beyond them the mountains of Northern New York; and (if you will please to turn your head) that great blue wall behind you, twenty miles away, is composed of the highest mountains in Vermont. The mountains in front of you are the Adirondacks, and those behind you are the Green Mountains. You are at the central point of this magnificent Champlain Valley; and you are comfortably seated here beneath the shade, on this the loveliest day of summer. Dear friends, I congratulate you," and Tompkins shook hands with Mr. and Mrs. Pember.

"And there, Timothy," observed the old gentleman, pointing at the University buildings with his cane, "is actually where you went to college."

"It was in those memorable and classic halls, as my classmate here can testify," replied Tompkins. "And here we roamed in 'Academus' sacred shade,' and a good deal beyond it. We went fishing and boating during term time, and made long trips to the mountains in the vacations. In the mean time, this wonderful valley was photographed upon the white and spotless sensorium of my youthful soul."

"Going, going, going!" cried Mrs. Pember, with a light, rippling laugh, glancing at me. "That is the way I stop Mr. Tompkins when he gets too flowery."

Tompkins looked at me and reddened. "I own up," he remarked, "I am an auctioneer in Chicago."

I hastened to say that I felt sure he was a good one, and added, in the kindest way I could, that I had just been wondering how he had become such a good talker.

"Is it a good deal of a come-down?" asked Tompkins, with a mixture of frankness and embarrassment.

I replied that the world was not what we had imagined in our college days, and that the calling of an auctioneer was honorable.

A general conversation followed, in the course of which it appeared that Tompkins had boarded at the home of the Pembers for several years. They evidently looked upon him almost as their own son. They were traveling with him during his summer rest.

"This is a queer world," observed Tompkins, dropping down beside me and lying flat on his back, with his hands under his head. "I came to college from a back neighborhood over in York State and up to the day I was graduated, and for a long time afterward, I thought I must be President of the United States, or a Presbyterian minister, or a great poet, or something remarkable, and here I am an auctioneer."

Occasional remarks were made by the rest of us for a while, but soon the talking was mainly done by Tompkins.

Said he: "Since I was graduated, I never was back here but once before, and that was four years ago next August. I was traveling this way then and reached here Saturday evening. I was in the pork business at that time, as a clerk, and had to stop off here to see a man for the firm. I put up at the best hotel, feeling as comfortable and indifferent as I ever did in my life. There was not the shadow of an idea in my mind of what was going to happen. On Sunday morning I walked about town, and it began to come down on me."

"What, the town?" asked Mrs. Pember.

"No; the strangest and most unaccountable feeling I ever had in my life," answered Tompkins. "It was thirteen years since I had said good-by to college. It had long ago become apparent to me that the ideas with which I had graduated were visionary and impracticable. I comprehended that the college professors were not the great men I had once thought them, and that a college president was merely a human being. I had been hardened by fighting my way, as a friendless young man has to do in a great city. As the confidential clerk of a large pork house in Chicago, I felt equal to 'the next man,' whoever he might be. If a professor had met me as I got off the cars here Saturday night, it would have been easy for me to snub him. But Sunday morning, as familiar objects began to appear in the course of my walk, the strange feeling of which I have spoken came over me. It was the feeling of old times. The white clouds, the blue lake, this wonderful scenery, thrilled me, and called back the college dreams."

As he spoke, my old classmate's voice trembled.

"You may remember that I used to like Horace and Virgil and Homer," he remarked, sitting up, crossing his feet tailor-fashion, and looking appealingly at me.

I replied, enthusiastically and truly, that he had been one of our best lovers of the poets.

"Well, continued Tompkins, "that Sunday morning those things began to come back to me. It wasn't exactly delightful. My old ambition to do something great in the world awoke as if from a long sleep. As I prolonged my walk the old associations grew stronger. When I came near the college buildings it seemed as if I still belonged here. The hopes of an ideal career were before me as bright as ever. The grand things I was going to do, the volumes of poems and other writings by Tompkins, and his marvelous successes were as clear as day. In short, the whole thing was conjured up as if it were a picture, just as it used to be when I was a student in college, and it was too much for me."

Tompkins seemed to be getting a little hoarse, and his frank face was very serious.

"Timothy," suggested Mr. Pember, "may be you could tell us what that big rock is, out in the lake."

"Why, father, don't you remember? That is rock Dunder," said Mrs. Pember.

"I guess it is," said the old gentleman, musingly.

"Well," resumed Tompkins, "as I was saying, on one side were Homer and Virgil and Horace and Tompkins, and on the other was pork. I cannot explain it, but somehow there it was. The two pictures, thirteen years apart, were brought so close together that they touched. It was something I do not pretend to understand. Managing to get by the college buildings, I came up to this spot where we are now. You will infer that my eyes watered badly and to tell the truth they did. Of course it is all very well," explained Tompkins, uncrossing his legs, turning upon his side and propping his head on his hand again—"of course, it is all very well to rake down the college and say Alma Mater doesn't amount to anything. The boys all do it and they believe what they say for the first five or six years after they leave here. But we may as well understand that if we know how to slight the old lady, and don't go to see her for a dozen years, she knows how to punish. She had me across her knee that Sunday morning in a way that I would have thought impossible. After an hour I controlled myself and went back to the hotel. I brushed my clothes and started for church, with a lump in my throat all the while. My trim business suit didn't seem so neat and nobby as usual. The two pictures, the one of the poets and the other of pork, were in my mind. I slid along the sidewalk in a nervous condition, and reaching the church without being recognized managed to get a seat near the door. Could I believe my senses? I knew that I was changed, probably past all recognition, but around me I saw the faces of my Burlington friends exactly as they had been thirteen years before. I did not understand then, as I do now, that a young man in business in Chicago will become gray-headed in ten years, though he might have lived a quiet life in Vermont for quarter of a century, without changing a hair."

"It is the same with horses," suggested Mr. Pember. "Six years on a horse-car in New York about uses up an average horse, though he would have been good for fifteen years on a farm."

"Exactly," said Tompkins. "You can imagine how I felt that Sunday with my hair half-whitewashed."

"You know I always said you might have begun coloring your hair, Timothy," said Mrs. Pember, kindly.

"Yes," replied Timothy, with an uneasy glance at me; "but I didn't do it. There was one thing in the church there that morning that I shall never have a better chance to tell of, and I am going to tell it now while you are here."

This last sentence was addressed to me, and my old classmate uttered the words with a gentleness and frankness that brought back my best recollections of him in our college days, when he was "little Tompkins," the warmest-hearted fellow in our class.

"Do you remember Lucy Cary?" he asked.

I replied that I did, very well, indeed; and the picture of a youthful face of Madonna-like beauty came out with strange distinctness from the memories of the past as I said it.

"Well, I saw Lucy there," continued Tompkins, "singing in the choir in church, looking just as she did in the long ago days when we used to serenade her. I am willing to tell you about it."

Tompkins said this in such a confiding manner that I instinctively moved toward him and took hold of his hand.

"All right, classmate," he said, sitting up and looking me in the eyes in a peculiarly winning way that had won us all when he was in college.

"Why, boys!" exclaimed Mrs. Pember, with her light laugh.

Tompkins found a large stone, put it against a tree, and sat down on it, while I reclined at his feet. He said:

"You have asked me, Mrs. Pember, very often, about the people up here, and now I will tell you about some of them. Do you notice that mountain away beyond the lake, in behind the others, so that you can see only the top, which is shaped like a pyramid? That is old Whiteface, and it is more than forty miles from here. It used to be understood that there was nothing whatever over there except woods and rocks and bears and John Brown. But the truth is, right at the foot of the mountain, in the valley on this side, there is a little village called Wilmington, and it is the center of the world. Lucy Cary and I were born there. It was not much of a village then, and it is about the same now. There was no church, and no store, and no hotel, in my time; there were only half a dozen dwelling-houses, and a blacksmith shop, and a man who made shoes. Lucy lived in the house next to ours. Her father was the man who made shoes. Lucy and I picked berries and rambled about with Rover, the dog, from the time we were little. Of course you will naturally think there is something romantic coming, but there is not. We were just a couple of children playing together; and we studied together as we grew older. They made a great deal of studying and schooling over there. They had almost as much respect for learning then in Wilmington as they have now among the White Mountains, where they will not allow any waiters at the hotels who cannot talk Greek.

"It was quite an affair when Lucy and I left Wilmington and came to Burlington. The departure of two inhabitants was a loss to the town. It was not equal to the Chicago fire, but it was an important event. I went to college, and Lucy came over the lake to work in a woolen factory. *There* is where she worked, pointing to the beautiful little village of Winooski, a mile away behind us, in the green valley of Onion River.

"And she had to work there for a living, while you went to college?" asked Mrs. Pember.

"That was it," said Tompkins. "We used to serenade her sometimes, with the rest; but she seemed to think it was not exactly the right thing for a poor factory girl, and so we gave it up. I used to see her occasionally, but somehow there grew up a distance between us."

"How was that?" inquired Mrs. Pember.

"Well, to tell the truth," answered Tompkins," I think my college ideas had too much to do with it. I did not see it at the time, but it has come over me lately. When a young chap gets his head full of new ideas, he is very likely to forget the old ones."

"You did not mean to do wrong, I am sure," said Mrs. Pember.

"The excuse I have," continued Tompkins, "is that I had to work and scrimp and suffer so myself, to get along and pay my way, that I hardly thought of anything except my studies and how to meet my expenses. Then there was that dream of doing some great thing in the world. I taught the district school in Wilmington three months during my Sophomore year to get money to go on with, and I think that helped to make me ambitious. It was the sincere conviction of the neighborhood over there that I would be President of the college or of the United States. I do not think they would have conceded that there was much difference in the two positions. I felt that I would be disgraced if I did not meet their expectations. By one of those coincidences which seemed to follow our fortunes, Lucy made a long visit home when I was teaching in Wilmington. She was one of my pupils. She was a quiet little lady and hardly spoke a loud word, that I remember, all winter."

"Did you try to talk to her, Timothy?" asked Mrs. Pember.

"I do not claim that I did," answered Tompkins "I was studying hard to keep up with my class, and that was the reason. But I wish I had paid more attention to Lucy Cary that winter. I would not have you think there was anything particular between Lucy and me. It was not that."

"We will think just what we please," interrupted Mrs. Pember, in a serious tone.

"Well," continued the narrator, "it would be absurd to suppose there was any such thing."

There was a long pause. "You had better tell the rest of the story, Timothy," said the old gentleman, persuasively.

"Yes, I will, responded Tompkins. "After I came back to college I got along better than before I had taught. The money I received for teaching helped me, and another thing aided me. The folks in Wilmington found out how a poor young man works to get through college. Some of us used to live on a dollar a week apiece and board ourselves in our rooms, down there in the buildings, and we were doing the hardest kind of studying at the same time. We would often club together, one doing the cooking for five or six. The cook would get off without paying. It was one of the most delightful things in the world to see a tall young man in a calico dressing-gown come out on the green, where we would be playing foot-ball, and make the motions of beating an imaginary gong for dinner. In order to appreciate it you need to work hard and play hard and live on the slimmest kind of New England fare. But there is one thing even better than that. To experience the most exquisite delight ever known by a Burlington student, you ought to have an uncle Jason. While I was teaching in Wilmington my uncle Jason, from North Elba, which was close by, came there. When he found out what an important man I was, and how I was fighting my way, he sympathized wonderfully. He was not on good terms at our house, but he called at my school and almost cried over me. He was not a man of much learning, but he looked upon those who were educated as a superior order of beings. I was regarded in the neighborhood as a sort of martyr to science, a genius who was working himself to death. I was the only public man ever produced by the settlement up to that date. It was part of the religion of the place to look upon me as something unusual, and Uncle Jason shared the general feeling. I could see, as he sat there in the schoolhouse observing the school that he was very proud of me. Before leaving he called me into the entry and gave me a two-dollar bill. It was generous, for he was a poor man, and had his wife and children to support. It brought the tears to my eyes when he handed me the money and told me I was the flower of the family and the pride of the settlement. I felt as if I would rather die than fail of fulfilling the expectations of my friends. There was great delight in it and it was an inexpressible joy to know that my relatives and the neighbors cared so much for me.

"To comprehend this thing fully, Mrs. Pember, you ought to be in college, and when you are getting hard up, and see no way but to leave, get letters, as I did from Uncle Jason, with five or six dollars at a time in them. Such a trifle would carry you through to the end of the term and save your standing in the class. If you were a Burlington college boy, while you might be willing to depart this life in an honorable manner, you would not be willing to lose your mark and standing as a student. You would regard the consequences of such a disaster as very damaging to your character, and certain to remain with you forever.

"I may as well say, while it is on my mind, that I do think this matter of education is a little overdone in this part of the country. A young man is not the center of the universe merely because he is a college student, or a graduate, and it is not worth while to scare him with any such idea. The only way he can meet the expectation of his friends, under such circumstances, is to get run over accidentally by the cars. That completes his martyrdom, and affords his folks an opportunity to boast of what he would have been if he had lived."

"Tell us more about Lucy," said Mrs. Pember.

"Yes, certainly," replied Tompkins. "Lucy had a wonderful idea of poetry and writing. It is really alarming to a stranger to see the feeling there is up here in that way. The impression prevails generally that a writer is superior to all other people on earth. I remember to have heard that one of our class, a year after we were graduated, started a newspaper back here about ten miles, on the bank of the Onion River. He might just as well have started it under a sage bush out on the alkali plains. He gave it some queer Greek name, and I heard that the publication was first semi-weekly, then weekly and then very weekly indeed, until it came to a full stop at the end of six months. It would have been ridiculous anywhere else; but being an attempt at literature, I suppose it was looked upon here as respectable.

"And did you use to write poetry?" queried Mrs. Pember.

"Not to any dangerous extent," replied Tompkins. "I do not deny that I tried while in college, but I reformed when I went West. I think Uncle Jason always had an idea that it might be better for me to be Daniel Webster. He stood by me after I left college, and for three years I continued to get those letters, with five or six dollars at a time in them. They kept me from actual suffering, sometimes, before I got down off my stilts, and went to work, like an honest man, in the pork business."

"I thought you were going to tell us something about that girl," suggested Mrs. Pember.

"Yes, I was," rejoined Tompkins. "When I saw Lucy here, four years ago, in the gallery with the singers, I felt as if it would be impossible for me to face her and talk with her. She would not have known me, for one thing. When I was a brown-haired boy, making poetry, and being a martyr, and doing serenading, and living on codfish and crackers and soup, I could meet Lucy with a grand air that made her shudder; but as I sat there in church, gray and worn, I dreaded to catch her eye, or have her see me. Although there was not three years' difference in our ages, yet it seemed to me that I was very old, while she was still blooming. Then there was the feeling that I had not become a great poet, or orator, or anything really worth while. On the contrary, I was just nobody. It seemed like attending my own funeral. I felt disgraced. Of course it was not all true. I had been a good, square, honest, hard-working man."

"Yes, you had, indeed, Timothy," assented Mrs. Pember, with an emphatic nod.

"Yes, indeed, I had," repeated Tompkins, his chin quivering. "It was not the thing for a fair minded man to think so poorly of himself; but I was alone, and the old associations and the solemn services were very impressive. There was Lucy in the choir; she always could sing like a nightingale. When I heard her voice again, it overcame me. I did not hear much of the sermon. I think it was something about temptation and the suggestions of the evil one; but I am not sure, for I had my head down on the back of the pew in front of me most of the time. I had to fight desperately to control my feelings. One minute I would think that as soon as the services closed I would rush around and shake hands with my old acquaintances, and the next minute would be doing my best to swallow the lump in my throat. It was as tough a sixty minutes as I ever passed. But finally the services were ended. I felt that it was plainly my duty to stop in the porch and claim the recognition of my friends. I did pause and try for a few seconds to collect myself; but the lump grew bigger and choked me, while the tears *would* flow. Besides that, as the adversary just then, in the meanest possible manner, suggested to my soul, there was that pork. I knew I would have to tell of it if I stopped. But I did not stop; I retreated. When I reached my room in the hotel I felt a longing to get out of town. Fortunately, I could not leave on Sunday. So in the afternoon I sat with the landlord on his broad front platform, or piazza. It was not the person who keeps the place now but one of the oldest inhabitants who knew all about the Burlington people. He guessed that I was a college boy; he thought he remembered something about my appearance. I did not mind talking freely with a landlord, for hotels and boarding-houses had been my home in Chicago. I had always been a single man, just as I am to this day. This landlord was a good-hearted old chap, and it was pleasant to talk with him. While we were sitting there, who should come along the street but Lucy, with a book in her hand. She was on the opposite sidewalk and did not look up. She would not look at a hotel on Sunday. I asked the landlord about her and he told me all there was to tell. She was living in one end of a little wooden cottage over toward Winooski, another factory woman occupying the other part of the house. They made a home together. The landlord said Lucy was an excellent woman and might have married one of the overseers in the factory any time she chose for years back, but that she preferred a single life.

"When I got back to Chicago I kept thinking about Lucy Cary. The old times when we used to live in Wilmington came back to my mind. The truth of it was, I was getting along a little, at last, in Chicago in the way of property, and I found myself all the while planning how I could have Lucy Cary near me."

"Did you want to marry her, Timothy?" inquired Mrs. Pember.

"It was not that," he replied; "but I wanted to become acquainted with her again. I knew she was the best girl I had ever seen. She always was just as good and pious as anybody could be. We were like brother and sister almost, when young; and when I thought of home and my folks and old Wilmington and the college days, somehow Lucy was the center of it all. In fact, almost everything else was gone. My folks were scattered and Lucy and Uncle Jason were nearly the only persons up this way that I could lay claim to. There is a kind of lonesome streak comes over a man when he has been grinding away in a great city for a good many years and comes back to the old places and sees them so fresh and green and quiet, and he can't get over it. He will cling to anything that belongs to old times. I was strongly influenced to write to Lucy but finally I did not. I determined that I would get all I could for two or three years, and then I would come here and face things. I would get something comfortable and would have a place I could call my own in Chicago. Then, when I had it fixed, I would come and see Uncle Jason and Lucy, and stand the racket. Of course it was nonsense to feel shy, but it seemed to me that I could not say a word until I had something to brag of. They knew, in a general kind of way, that I was in Chicago, dealing in pork, or doing auctioneering or something, and that was as much humiliation as I could endure. To be sure, it was nothing to be ashamed of, for I had been an honest, faithful man; but to come back to my friends empty-handed, without money or fame, and gray-headed at that, was more than I could stand. If I had *had* anything, or *been* anything, just to take the edge off, I could have managed it. As it was, I looked ahead and worked. If any man in Chicago has tried and planned and toiled during the last three years, I am that man. There has been a picture before my mind of a pleasant home there."

"And have you calculated to marry Lucy Cary" inquired Mrs. Pember, in an eager voice.

"Perhaps it was not just in that way I thought of it," replied the narrator, very seriously. "You know I told you that the landlord said she preferred a single life!"

"Timothy Tompkins!" exclaimed the old lady, apprehensively, "don't deny it—don't! Think how dreadfully you will feel if you know you have told a lie!"

"It is nothing to be ashamed of, Timothy," said Mr. Pember, in a kind and sympathetic voice."

"If you put it in that way," answered my old classmate, in strangely mournful tones, "all I can say is, there was never anything between us—nothing at all."

"And did you come here this time to see her?" inquired Mrs. Pember, almost starting from her seat, and with the thrill of a sudden guess in her voice.

"I suppose it was as much that as anything," replied Tompkins, doggedly, looking down, and poking with a short stick in the ground at his feet.

"And that is what has made you act so queer," mused Mrs. Pember. "Have you seen her?"

"Let *him* tell the story, Caroline," urged the old gentleman, peevishly.

Tompkins looked gloomily out upon the lake and the broad landscape for a few moments, and then, resuming his narrative, said:

"As I was saying, I have worked hard and have got a nice little pile. I am worth thirty-five thousand dollars. When I made up my mind to come East this summer the money to pay Uncle Jason for what he had done was all ready. It made me choke to think how long it had let it run. I figured it up as near as I could—the two hundred that came to me in college and the two hundred after that; and I put in the simple interest at seven per cent., according to the York State law, which brought the sum total up to nearly nine hundred; and to fix it all right I made it an even thousand dollars. Then I bought a new buckskin bag and went to a bank in Chicago and got the money all in gold. I knew that would please Uncle Jason. He once talked of going to California to dig. I suppose he had never seen a pile of the real yellow coin in his life. I wrote to him that I was to be in Burlington and that I would be ever so glad if he would come over and see me. I met him yesterday afternoon as he got off the boat down at the steamboat landing. He knew me and I knew him, although we were both changed a good deal. After we had talked a little and got used to each other, I took him up to my room in the hotel. I was in a hurry to get at the business part of my visit with him first; for it seemed to me that it would be better to let him see, to begin with, that I was not exactly poor, nor such an ungrateful cub as may be he had thought I was. It was my resolve that before we talked of anything else I would get that money off my conscience. I knew that then I could hold up my head and discuss our neighborhood and old times, and it would be plain sailing for me. I had pictured to my mind a dozen times how Uncle Jason would look with that new yellow buckskin bag crammed with gold on his knee, steadying it with his hand and talking to me. So when I got him up to my room and seated him in a chair I began the performance. I got red in the face and spluttered and flourished round with the bag and the gold, and to tell the truth I fully expected to make the old man's hair rise right up. But it did not work. He got shaky and trembled, and somehow did not seem to want the money at all, and finally owned how it was. He said that he had never given me a cent; it was all Lucy Cary's doing. And she had made him promise, on his everlasting Bible oath, as he called it, that he would not tell. She had put him up to the whole thing; even that first two-dollar bill had come from her wages."

My old classmate ceased speaking. He was becoming flushed and excited. He gazed abstractedly at the broad blue mirror of old Champlain, upon which he and I had looked together so often in the days of our youth.

Mr. Pember sat silently. Mrs Pember was whimpering behind her handkerchief.

I ventured the inquiry: "Have you seen Lucy yet?"

Tompkins' face quivered; he was silent. Mrs. Pember's interest in the question restored her. "Tell us, have you seen her?" she asked.

"I heard of it yesterday," Tompkins replied huskily, with an effort.

"Why, Timothy, what is the matter?" cried Mrs. Pember, rising from her seat and coming to him, as he bent his head and buried his face in his hands. The motherly woman took off his soft hat and stroking his hair said: "You had better tell; it will do you good." And then she put his hat on again and stood wiping her eyes in sympathy, while he struggled with himself.

The storm of feeling passed away and Tompkins, having gained control of his emotions, slowly lifted his face from his hands, and sat peering out under his hat brim, looking apparently at a boat upon the lake. At last he said in a calm voice: "She is dead."

It was very still after this announcement. The softest breath of June scarcely whispered in the pines overhead, and the vast landscape below seemed strangely at rest in the fervid brightness of the summer noon. My old classmate was the first to break the silence.

"Well," said he, wearily, "it must be about time for dinner; let us go to the hotel."

We took the little brown road and walked down a long, shaded, quiet street. Memories of college days and romantic summer nights, with music and starlight, and the long, long thoughts of youth came back to me as I looked at the houses and gardens familiar in college days and chatted about them with Mrs. Pember.

"Timothy always means well," said she to me, confidentially, reverting to the subject of which we were all thinking, "but it was very wrong for him to neglect that poor factory girl; don't you think so?"—*P. Deming, in Atlantic Monthly.*

A Scene of Human Degradation.

Mrs. Scott-Stevenson, in her "On Summer Seas," gives the following account of a Russian pilgrimage to the shrine of St. Nicholas, at Bari, in Italy:

"They were all dressed in a kind of uniform, the men in gray, barefooted, with staffs slung over their shoulders, on which were tied bundles of clothes and a pair of boots; the women wore blue serge skirts, gray jackets and red handkerchiefs round their heads, and, like the men, carried bundles, with a water-bottle and tin mug, on their backs. They were all slowly crawling up the steps with bleeding knees and torn, travel-stained garments, muttering prayers and endless litanies as they toiled upward. On entering the church we saw a shocking sight, so painful that I hesitate to describe it. Four pilgrims were on their knees, with their heads bent down to the ground in the most unnatural attitude, their eyes shut, and the swollen veins standing out like cords from their crimsoned foreheads. A man walked by the side of each, holding one end of a handkerchief, while the wretched penitent held the other, and was thus guided along the pavement. For a few seconds we did not realize what was taking place, but as they crawled onward we noticed four marks like a dark ribbon behind them, and it dawned on us they were actually *licking the floor!* And such a floor! Thousands of only half-civilized human beings had been in the church since day-break, as the tainted atmosphere but too plainly showed. For over eighty yards these wretched creatures kept their tongues on the rough pavement, over every pollution that came in their way. We were chained to our seats by horror and disgust, and in spite of ourselves stayed till they at last reached the altar steps and were permitted to rise. Their faces haunt me still; the small cunning eyes turning stealthily toward us, and as hastily turned away; the half-shame-faced, half-ferocious look; the coarse, dirt-smeared features, the matted heads of hair, and the lolling, lacerated tongues bleeding over their chins. And these were fellow creatures, these benighted wretches, looking like scared wild beasts! What religion can that be which permits such a frightful exhibition, such a loathsome scene of human degradation!"

—Samuel Whittaker, a long-time dweller on "the bottoms," in Clark County, Missouri, concluded to pull up stakes last winter and go where high water would never come. With this laudible intent he selected a farm on the Platte River, Nebraska, put in forty-five acres of corn during the spring, to say nothing of the patch of potatoes, onions, etc., and was congratulating himself on his fine prospects for a crop up to a few days ago, when the river rose rapidly and so covered his farm that nothing green was visible. In mingled sorrow, anger and disgust the old man started back to "Old Missouri."—*Chicago Tribune.*

—An Arabic manuscript, dating from the latter half of the fourteenth century (1365), conveys the curious information that the merchant vessels trading at that time in the Indian Ocean carried four divers, whose duties were solely to discover and stop leaks in the hull of the craft below the water line. Sound of the trickling water indicated the points of danger.

—The Fulton (N. Y.) *Times* says a telegram was sent from that village to Sidney, Australia, the other evening, and an answer received in forty-five minutes.

Laws of Adoption in China.

One of the gravest calamities to be apprehended by a Chinaman is to die without leaving male posterity to care for his ashes and decorate his grave, thereby pacifying his wandering spirit in purgatory. Therefore, to have the good fortune to become the father of a son is properly considered to be a matter worth boasting of, and something to be long remembered. It is generally with manifestations of unbounded joy, approximating to childish glee, that the father of the new-born male infant heralds its advent, often spending a third of his entire fortune in celebrating the joyful event. Such, however, is not the case when a female child in born, for reasons which are given hereafter.

This almost universal fear of leaving in death no son to execute the family ceremonies and perform the post-mortem services is confined in greater part to the middle classes, being scarcely ever realized by the wealthier families, owing to their plurality of wives. Neither does it have serious weight in the minds of those who are extremely poor; but among those who occupy a position midway between the two, as above remarked, it occasions great concern.

China is the only country where bachelors are sometimes rendered supremely happy by taking advantage of a system of lawful robbery of the happiness of others. Individually the bachelor is not only an object of aversion to the fair maidens of the place of his nativity, but he is considered a useless ornament to society in general, besides being an object of especial fear among those of his own kindred; for, being wifeless himself, and, consequently, without issue, he can, if he so choose, legally claim the first-born male child of any one of his younger brothers with impunity, the bereaved parents having no redress.

The law governing this point distinctly says: "If an elder brother shall have arrived at the age of fifty years, being barren, he may take the first male child born to any of his younger brothers and claim him as his own by right of inheritance, the male child so chosen to become his legal representative and heir to his estates."

But under no circumstances can the younger brother, if likewise situated, claim from an elder brother the same privilege, because the son of an elder brother is legally considered to be one degree higher than the son of a younger brother.

This somewhat peculiar and to the uninitiated, I doubt not, interesting law of adoption has been so implicitly adhered by the Chinese that is has created the strongest feeling of affection and mutual interest between brothers of the same family. Three brothers, all of whom were young men, sincerely attached to each other, came to this country some five years ago and started in the laundry business in Chicago, at which place I formed their intimate acquaintance. A year or two after having been successful in amassing quite a little fortune, some $1,100, among the three, the two younger brothers begged the elder to repair to their far-distant home, carrying with him the whole sum of their combined savings and immediately take to himself a wife, hoping thereby to greatly lessen the dread chances of being robbed of their first-born son in the near future through his remaining a bachelor. He was at first averse to this but finally their united entreaties caused him to take rather an unwilling departure, since which time the two remaining brothers have made another handsome sum, and now the poor innocent younger one of the two yet remaining is strenuously endeavoring to persuade his second elder brother to follow the same course.

It will be obvious to the reader that to have been born the seventh son is, if a subject of the Chinese empire, a thing to be deplored, for it entails the greatest trouble on the poor unfortunate. Even then it is better to have been born the seventh son than the first daughter, for although both may be treated with the same tender solicitude by their parents, yet their prospects during the greater part of life are anything but cheerful, and particularly is this the case in regard to the female child, no matter where she may rank in the order of offspring. In the first place, her right to inherit any portion of her parents' property is strictly denied by the law, except conditionally and in the following manner:

"In cases where the parents are without male issue, either of their own or through adoption in the manner already described, and where the estate in very large, the daughter may, if she remain single and loyal to the members of her parent's house, or, being married, if she prevail upon her husband to forswear forever his allegiance to his own kindred and relatives of every degree, and change his surname to that of the daughter's father, so as to forever become his son, this being publicly recorded and acknowledged, the estate then may be partially controlled by the daughter for the benefit of herself in the first instance, or by her husband, the newly created son, in the second instance, who would generally assume the entire control, not only of her property but also of herself."

The common laws of China prohibit people of the same surname from intermarrying. Thus, for instance, in the Lee family, numbering some 15,000,000 individual members—the males are not allowed to marry any female who bears the same family name. Miss Lee is, therefore, obliged to marry into a family whose members have been strangers to her family for at least 500 years before she was born! After she is married she is supposed to be forever lost to the Lee family, and must forsake and forget all her numerous kith and kin, and cleave forever to those of her newly-wedded lord. She must even transfer her entire affections, (if she have any) to her husband's family. they must not be divided between the two. For this reason the law justly prohibits any right or title to her parental estates, except in the manner before described. In its stead, she must thereafter depend entirely upon the husband's family for her patrimony, he being generally selected from a family of equal financial standing.—*Wong Chin Troo, in Harper's Bazar.*

Jersey Justice.

Speaking of "Jersey justice," a Rahway lawyer declares that New Jersey deserves all the high praise she gets for prompt, unswerving and merciless justice to law-breakers. Criminals are in that State condemned and punished without difficulty or delay. This is all the more remarkable, he thinks, when it is considered that at the ends of New Jersey lie the two largest cities of the new world—New York and Philadelphia. However, it is to this very fact that Jersey justice owes its origin. "For half a century," he explains, "Philadelphia and New York have sent marauders into New Jersey. Either as roystering excursionists, lazy tramps, or professional thieves, they come ready for mischief. When caught they are almost always without money or friends to hinder punishment, the just severity of which there is nobody but themselves to dispute. These cases long ago habituated our courts to celerity, and that is what led to the establishment of the much-vaunted Jersey justice. I don't know that our officials are better men than the average in other States, but it is certain that they do better work from habit."—*N. Y. Sun.*

—David Brown, a colored man, has been the messenger of the Philadelphia Board of Health forty years.

FARM AND FIRESIDE.

—A charming way to flavor custards is to beat fruit jelly with the whites of the eggs; red raspberry jelly and quince jelly are especially nice for this.—*Chicago Journal.*

A small proportion of kerosene added to castor oil and thoroughly shaken makes it less liable to gum when applied to axletrees, mowers and other farm implements.—*N. Y. Herald.*

—A practical farmer recommends the growing of two crops of buckwheat in succession as a means of exterminating wire-worms. They will not eat buckwheat and are starved to death.—*Chicago Tribune.*

—A correspondent writes that a sure way to kill burdocks is to cut the top to the ground, then with a sharp knife scoop out a hole put in a teaspoonful of kerosene oil. There will be no further trouble from that plant. *Prairie Farmer.*

To clean a brass kettle: Put it over the fire with a little water in it, and when it is quite warm, wash it out with soap and water thoroughly. Dry it, and then take sweet oil and rottenstone to polish it and it will shine most beautifully.—*The Household.*

A western farmer who tried wheat bran as a manure for wheat, reports that the effect of an application of one ton of bran to the acre was equal to that obtained from the usual application of a mixture of bone dust, guano, lime and wood ashes, and the difference in yield of the crops that received bran as compared with those not so treated was very great. *Boston Transcript.*

Pure, wholesome milk in a clean cellar or milk house, where the temperature is not over seventy degrees, will keep sweet for thirty-six hours, and will not become thick under forty-eight hours. Otherwise something is wrong with the cows. A cow exposed to the hot sun in a pasture, or having impure water to drink, can not be in a healthy condition, and the first appearance of trouble will be the premature souring of the milk.—*New England Farmer.*

—One reason why corn bread is so often unsuccessful is that the batter is made too thick. It should be thinner than for johnny-cake, as the flour helps to thicken it. Then one ought not to rely too implicitly on receipts; some kinds of flour and meal thicken more than others, so it is well to observe carefully the first time you use flour or meal from a new sack. On account of this difference many cooks prefer to purchase flour by the barrel, even for a very small family.—*N. Y. Post.*

—An acre of sweet corn for feeding to swine will afford a good return in pork fully equal in money value to any use to which the corn could have been applied. They are very fond of the stalks as well as the ears of corn, and will eat all up clean. If given to hogs fed upon corn principally, it serves to give them a relish for their other food, improves their healthfulness and increases their flesh. When hogs have been kept at pasture on clover sweet corn may be used to follow the clover, as they will eat enough of it to make them grow thriftily.—*N. Y. Herald.*

Feed for Young Pigs.

Perhaps there are no greater mistakes made in feeding animals than is often the case with pigs. Indeed, we are inclined to think that the climax of expensive absurdity is reached in swine feeding. Often animals do grow and develop in spite of very bad feeding. But our swine, we might almost say as a rule, do not develop. Fat takes the place of development and somehow we get the idea that fat is growth. If we do not make this mistake almost from the beginning, we are entirely too apt to fall into the error before the pig reaches maturity. It is always a very great mistake, and the earlier in the life of the pig that we begin to make it, the greater mistake it is. To expect a young pig to develop bone and muscle, without feeding it anything that will make bone and muscle, is a great absurdity. Yet that would often seem to be the theory in hog-raising. After its birth the pig is either left to take care of itself, the dam not even being properly fed sometimes, or is fed upon that reprehensible theory that fat is growth. Men have been known to feed all the corn meal that the young animal would eat, just as soon as it could be taught to eat corn meal. What could naturally be expected as the result of such a course? Corn meal contains sixty-six per cent. of starch, seven per cent. of fat, ten per cent. of nitrogenous elements, and scarcely any phosphate of lime. Now a growing pig can be literally starved to death upon such a ration, although it may be so fat that it cannot stand upon its feet. Indeed, its inability to stand upon its feet would soon manifest itself, and would be an evidence that it was starved. Its legs would not be strong enough to hold it. Its bones and muscular system would have nothing to feed upon, and must necessarily grow weak, at least weak in proportion to its age and growth of fat. There would all the time be a demand for an increase of muscular and bony strength to support the growing weight, and no response whatever to the demand.

In the artificial feeding of young pigs skim milk stands at the head of foods, and when there is plenty of that there need be no serious uneasiness about results. Cooked corn meal may be advantageously added in small quantities to the milk—provided there is plenty of milk, as it is the milk that will furnish the albuminoids and mineral elements. Indeed the proportion of those is so very large that to produce the very best results corn meal in proportion of say about one pound to a quart of milk, is very desirable. This ration about equalizes the albuminoids and fat producing elements, as required by the animal system. If the farmer does not have the milk, cooked corn meal and oats in equal parts and one part of oil meal will prove to be a good ration. Some grind oats and peas together, and feed cooked, and others feed six parts of peas, four parts of corn and one part of flaxseed. If our pigs do not gain as much as a pound a day in live weight we can conclude at once that there is a radical defect in our system of feeding. The young pig should be fed liquid food, as that is more easily digested, and should, after weaning be fed five or six times a day for a considerable time, after which the number of times can be reduced.

Of course the feeder will not undervalue grass as a food for pigs. If he does he will dispense with a very cheap means of feeding and injure the animal besides. It will not answer to feed growing animals wholly upon concentrated food. Concentrated food enters the stomach in a solid mass, and it requires time for the gastric juice to mix with it and digest it. But if with the concentrated food grass is fed, the mass is loosened up and the gastric juice has a greater surface to attack. And there is one other very important matter to be taken into consideration in connection with pigs running upon grass. It furnishes them exercise, and exercise, the reader need not be told, is about as important as food. It is true that a pig does not need a quarter section to range over to get exercise enough, but on the other hand it should not be too closely confined, and if on pasture it will be in no danger of that. If it has plenty of room it is sometimes the case that soiling is very profitable. It requires less land to support a pig if the soiling system is adopted, and where there are not many pigs it is altogether practical and profitable.—*Western Rural.*

—The season is now open—wide open—all along the Jersey seacoast from Sandy Hook to Cape May. Hotels and boarding houses have multiplied since last year, and the day is not far off when there will be towns and cities by the sea where there are now villages and settlements.—*N. Y. Mail.*

If you experience bad taste in mouth, sallowness or yellow color of skin, feel stupid and drowsy, appetite unsteady, frequent headache or dizziness, you are "bilious," and nothing will arouse your liver to action and strengthen up your system equal to Dr. Pierce's "Golden Medical Discovery." By druggists.

Some men are known by the company they—can't get into.

A Bonanza Mine

of health is to be found in Dr. R. V. Pierce's "Favorite Prescription," to the merits of which as a remedy for female weakness and kindred affections thousands testify.

"I have struck bed rock," said the tired baby when they put him in the cradle.

"Enjoy Your Life"

is good philosophy, but to do so you must have health. If bilious and constipated, or blood is out of order, use Dr. Pierce's "Pleasant Purgative Pellets," which are mild, yet certain in their operation. Of all druggists.

The reason we are proud of summer is because pride goeth before a fall.—*N. Y. Post.*

Hay-Fever. My brother Myron and myself were both cured of Catarrh and Hay-Fever last July and August by Ely's Cream Balm. Up to Dec. 20 these troubles have not returned. Gabriel Ferris, Spencer, N. Y.

Why do white sheep eat more than black sheep? Because there are more of them.

Lewis, Iowa.—Dr. M. J. Davis says: "Brown's Iron Bitters give the best of satisfaction to those who use it."

Stands to reason—A debater who won't sit down.

Garfield, Iowa.—Dr. A. T. Henah says: "Since using Brown's Iron Bitters proves its superiority over all other tonic preparations."

When credulity comes from the heart it does no harm to the intellect.—*Joubert.*

Hay Fever. I was afflicted for twenty years with Hay Fever. I used Ely's Cream Balm with favorable results, and can recommend it to all. Robert W. Townley, (ex Mayor) Elizabeth, N. J.

When is a man like a brick? When he is hard pressed.—*Baltimore Every Saturday.*

THE DANGER OF OVER-EXERTION.

A Stalwart Man Becomes Weaker Than a Child and Then Recovers His Former Strength.

(*Waterloo, N. Y., Observer.*)

In these days of rowing giants and athletic heroes fine physical development is more observed than ever before since the time of the Athenian games. A man who shows the elements of physical power is looked up to far more than in the days of our ancestors possibly because there are fewer specimens of well-developed manhood than then. An emissary of this paper met a magnificent specimen of physical power a few days since in the person of Dr. A. W. McNamee, of Waterloo. His muscles, which showed unusual development, were as hard as wood. At his request the writer sought to pinch him in the arms or legs, but found it wholly impossible. A realization of what is meant by an iron man was fully made manifest.

"Have you always been so stalwart as this?" inquired the news gatherer.

"Not by any means," was the reply. "When a young man I was always strong and active and felt that I could accomplish anything. This feeling so took possession of me on one occasion that I attempted to lift a log which four men found it impossible to move. I succeeded in placing it on the wagon, but in ten minutes from that time I was unconscious and remained so for hours and when I recovered consciousness I vomited a large quantity of blood. From that day I began to grow weak and sickly. I believed that I had suffered some internal injury and experienced a general debility, which seemed similar to the effects produced by malaria. My back was very weak. I had no appetite, and at times loathed food. My lips were parched and cracked. My head felt as though it were entirely open at the top and it pained me on the side intensely. In six weeks' time I had fallen away from 225 pounds to less than 170. I was in a most wretched condition. I was completely discouraged."

"What did the doctors say about you?"

"Almost everything. I consulted no less than six different physicians. They all treated me and none did me any good. At that time I was suffering intensely. I could not sit upright but was obliged to rest in a cramped, uneasy position. I was compelled to urinate every five minutes and I passed over three quarts every day. I was not living, I was existing.

"One night (how well I remember it!) my wife had put the children to bed when the feeling came over me that I should live but a very short time. My wife and I talked matters all over and I gave the minutest directions as to what she should do after I was gone. I was not in a fighty condition by any means, for the doctor, on leaving town the day following, bade me good-bye, saying he never expected to see me again, for I was suffering with Bright's disease of the kidneys in its last stages. Within the next few days more than twenty friends came to bid me good-bye. Among the number was Dr. John L. Clark. He asked me what I had used in the way of medicines. I told him. He then recommended a remedy of which I had heard much, but about which I was very skeptical. If faith were an element of power it certainly was lacking in my case."

"And so you did not try it?"

"On the contrary, I did try it, and to my surprise it seemed to go to just the spot. Indeed, it was the most palatable thing I had taken into my mouth for months. I relished it."

"And did it cure you?"

"Do I look as if it did?"

"Yes, indeed. What was it?"

"Warner's Safe Cure."

"A proprietary medicine!"

"Of course. What of that? I suppose I once had as great a prejudice against advertised medicines as any one could have. When I was studying medicine at Ann Arbor, Michigan, I used to vow with the rest of the class that we would fight all such remedies at all times. When a man comes down to the last hour, however, and bids his wife and friends good-bye, such bigoted prejudices as these all vanish, I can assure you, and any remedy that can cure is gladly welcomed."

"And how have you been since then?"

"As well—or better, than before."

"Do you still exert your strength?"

"Certainly. But I do not over-exert, as formerly. My strength is increasing every day, and my health is number one. I know that my life was saved by Warner's Safe Cure, and I believe it is the best medicine that was ever compounded by any chemist or physician. I am willing the doctors should sneer at me for such a statement if they choose, but I have proven its truth, and am prepared to stand by it."

The above experience should be of great value to all who are suffering. It shows the deceptive nature of this terrible malady; that all symptoms are common to it and that there is but one way by which it can be absolutely avoided.

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Skinny Men. "Wells' Health Renewer" restores health and vigor, cures Dyspepsia.

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MRS. W. H. GVILSON
No. 18 Tyler St., Boston, Mass.

April 16, 1883.

A WELL-KNOWN MAN.

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Respectfully yours,
ELISHA NOYES.
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Daily I recommend it to some one of my friends, all of whom I know have been benefited by its use.

Gratefully, GEO. F. COX.
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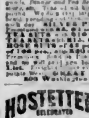

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